

The Grail

MARCH, 1931

The Peaked Cap

EDITH M. ALMEDINGEN

In the Land of Legend

NANCY BUCKLEY

Cheddar Gorge and St. Dunstan

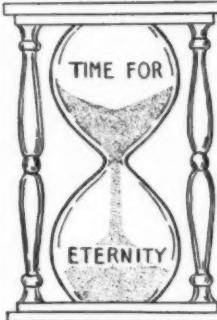
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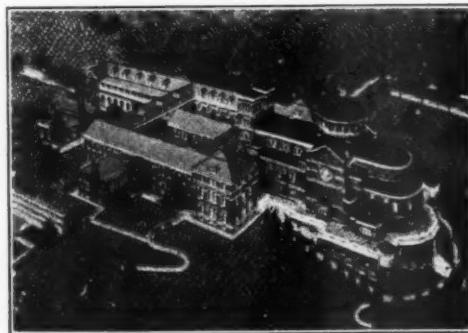
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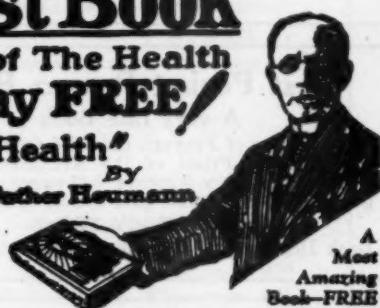


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The Grail

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NUMBER 11

CONTENTS

EDITOR'S PAGE	485
LITURGICAL JOTTINGS	Victor Dux, O. S. B. 486
CHEEDED GORGE AND ST. DUNSTAN	Stanley B. James 487
THE MODEL—(Poem)	Kate Ayers Robert 489
THE BLUE CLAY MADONNA OF THE OZARKS	Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni 490
PUTEOLI—(Poem)	Will B. Thompson 491
IN THE LAND OF LEGEND	Nancy Buckley 492
ALAN'S DAUGHTER	Mary Agatha Gray 494
THE EUCHARIST	Lona Pearson MacDorman 496
COULDST THOU NOT WATCH WITH ME?—(Poem)	Rose Darrough 497
UNIQUE INVENTIONS TO AID THE BLIND	Francis Dickie 499
THE PEAKED CAP	Edith M. Almedingen 503
HOPE—(Poem)	Joseph Russell 507
THIRTY-NINE NEWLY BEATIFIED MARTYRS ..	D. Lambert Nolle, O. S. B. 508
SPIRITUAL CONFERENCES FOR COLLEGE MEN	Burton Confrey 510
THE LAKE—(Poem)	John M. Cooney 511
RELIGION THE MOST HELPFUL MORAL FORCE ..	Rev. A. Muntisch, S. J. 512
KWEERY KORNER	Rev. Henry Courtney, O. S. B. 515
OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONS	Clare Hampton 516
CHILDREN'S CORNER	Agnes Brown Hering 518
MAID AND MOTHER	Clare Hampton 522
DR. HELEN'S CONSULTING ROOM	Helen Hughes Hielscher 527

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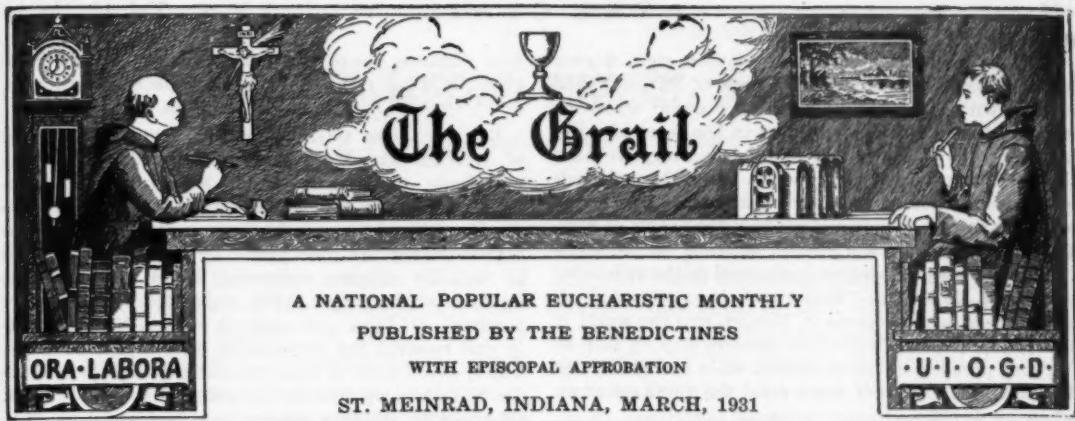
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SAINT JOSEPH



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Are You One of the Few?

In keeping with the penitential season of Lent good Catholics are doing violence to their passions, mortifying their evil inclinations, denying themselves purely worldly pleasures that merely gratify the senses, keeping the fast and abstinence, if not lawfully excused therefrom; practicing patience under trying circumstances, and performing other acts of penance. Besides this, they are trying to be more faithful in the performance of their religious duties, praying more frequently and devoutly, attending the special Lenten services, and going more regularly to the sacraments. The practice of self-denial and other forms of penance, together with earnest prayer and the faithful performance of one's duties to his neighbor and to God work together unto sanctification and make for a happy resurrection on the last day. Let us hope that the majority of Catholics are observing the Lenten season in the sweet spirit of Christ, which is that of atonement and self-conquest.

God helps those who help themselves. He shows you the way out of the pit into which you have fallen, and offers to help you out, but He leaves you entirely free to accept or to reject the means of escape. "Without me," said the Savior (John 15:5), that is, without the help of my grace, "you can do nothing" towards the attainment of your eternal salvation. Everything depends upon *your* cooperation with the aid from high. Thus we can say with St. Paul (Phil. 4:18): "I can do all things in him who strengtheneth me."

A Timely Encyclical

The recent Encyclical of Pope Pius XI on Chaste Wedlock came as a beacon light emanating from the Vatican. It proved to be a powerful searchlight flashing through the almost impenetrable darkness of error that enshrouds the globe and obscures the vision of men.

The hazy notions that the world forms to itself regarding wedlock are the clouds that produce this darkness. For instance, there is divorce and remarriage,

which are condemned in no uncertain terms by the Savior; then there are other abominations such as birth control or race suicide, abortion, and other vices, which merit eternal perdition—"they who do such things (the works of the flesh) shall not obtain the kingdom of God." (Gal. 5:21). Moreover, there is the so-called "companionate" marriage and other similar detestable practices that would drag the sacred character of matrimony into the mire of sensuality, although Christ elevated matrimony to the dignity of a sacrament.

To a credulous world the Encyclical was an eye opener. It brought out the fact that the Catholic Church has the courage to stand up for the doctrines that Christ deposited with her, that in the face of opposition she boldly proclaims those doctrines, and that she maintains them in their integrity.

Much favorable comment has been called forth from outside the Fold by the publication of this important Encyclical, which, from a moral standpoint, is one of the most weighty pronouncements that has come from Rome in recent years. The Encyclical defines and sets forth the position of the Church in this most important matter and makes her divine mission clear. Many thinking men and women without the Fold, who are now tossed about by every wind of doctrine, and groping in the darkness for light, may now discover the object of their search.

The N. C. W. C. News Service, which procured an authentic translation of the Encyclical as soon as it was issued at Rome and communicated it to secular as well as to the Catholic press in this country, is to be congratulated on the despatch with which the work was done.

World-Encircling Voices

The radio with its well-nigh limitless possibilities is one of the greatest marvels of our age. So accustomed have we become to the feats that it accomplishes that we cease to wonder thereat. During twenty-four hours of the day one may tune in and listen to music and song, instruction and entertainment, or, "what have you?"

Only a few short years have elapsed since Signor Marconi, while delving into the secrets of Nature, found lurking within her hidden recesses a power which he lured forth and gave to mankind in the form of wireless telegraphy. By reason of this discovery we have the present system of radio, which wafts through endless space the human voice and other sounds that reverberate from pole to pole and gladden the hearts of men. Thus, for instance, McCormack gives a concert in Dublin and the whole world is charmed as the rich notes issue from his throat—"McCormack is on the air!" A grand opera is in progress in Vienna, and the world is all ears. In Rome Galli-Curci ascends step by step to the very pinnacle of the chromatic scale and gracefully descends again to *terra firma* amid the applause of an admiring world.

The formal opening of the Vatican wireless station in February was a notable event. For the first time in history was the living voice of the Supreme Pontiff transmitted to the ends of the earth. Then for the first time could the voice of a successor of Peter be heard simultaneously by all nations, tribes, and peoples in every clime from the jungles of southern Africa to the ice-bound regions of the North. The message of the Holy Father on that occasion was very appropriate—*one of peace and good will*.

While we now listen to radio voices, but cannot see the speaker or singer, the day may not be far distant when we may be able to see as well as to hear. Wonderful, indeed, are powers of Nature, but more wonderful still is the God of Nature Who hid these latent forces within her breast.

Toties-Quoties Indulgence

The feast of St. Benedict, founder of the Benedictine Order, is celebrated with great solemnity in Benedictine churches on March 21. On this day it is customary for abbots to celebrate Pontifical High Masses in their abbey churches. Since last year the so-called *toties-quoties* plenary indulgences can be gained in all Benedictine churches from noon on March 20th to midnight of the following day. To gain a *toties-quoties* plenary indulgence it is necessary, according to a recent decision, to say *six* Our Fathers, Hail Marys, and Glory be to the Fathers at each visit to the church.

Religion and Morals

"One of the great contrasts," writes Father Maturin, "between Heathenism and Revealed Religion,—whether the Law or the Gospel,—lay in this, that in the Heathen Religions there is no necessary connection between morality and religion, in Revelation, the connection is absolute."

Mr. George R. Mursell, chief psychologist of the Ohio State Department of Public Welfare, has fallen into the same error. In a paper presented before the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Cleveland, Ohio, he states: "It is safe to conclude that there is no significant relation between religious training and delinquent or non-delinquent behavior—

that whatever cause one to be delinquent or non-delinquent, it is not religious training, knowledge, attitudes, or backgrounds as measured by these tests."

Rev. Dr. John O'Grady, of the Catholic University of America, takes Mr. Mursell to task and holds up "the experience of all time" beside Mr. Mursell's "superficial research—a few months' study." As a fair sample Dr. O'Grady quotes his own experience in Washington during the past year. In the first fifty cases of Catholic children appearing before the Juvenile Court after January 1, 1930, eighty-four parents were involved. Of these only eighteen went to Mass regularly and received the Sacraments once a year or more. Thirty-seven went to Mass occasionally and the remainder had given up entirely the practice of their religion. Of the fifty children studied, two had not been baptized, fifteen had not made their First Communion, twenty-two had not been confirmed, and only fifteen attended Mass regularly. Only eight of the fifty attended Catholic schools exclusively, and of these, four were brought into the Court for minor offenses.—J. P.

Liturgical Jottings

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

LENT: A PURIFICATION

Once more we turn aside from mundane occupations and, with Holy Mother Church, endeavor to give our heart's sympathy to our Savior in His sufferings. Lent means mortification; Lent means sacrifice; Lent means an intensifying and purifying of the life of the spirit. And the reason why Lent means all these things is because all these things are necessary to a real sympathy for, and a deep understanding of, the Passion of Christ. Psychologists and other -ologists speak hazily, for the most part, about the life of the spirit and about the subtle workings of the soul—they are evidently quite unfamiliar with what they are talking about. But Holy Mother Church gives us the practical means and ways of increasing the soul's capacity for invigorating, energetic life—life which springs from the Eternal Life and seeks its final rest in the Eternal Life. Thus she prays in the Mass for the First Sunday in Lent:

O God, Who purifiest Thy Church by the yearly observance of Lent: grant to Thy household that what we endeavor to obtain from Thee by abstinence, we may secure by good works.

What we want to obtain from God during this season of penance is the grace of entering whole-heartedly into the sufferings and death of Christ with personal spiritual profit to ourselves. Our good works will be the unfailing gauge of our success in obtaining this grace from the bounty of God.

GOOD WORKS

The good works which are especially recommended to
(Continued on page 520)

Cheddar Gorge and St. Dunstan

A Turning Point in English History

STANLEY B. JAMES

IT is by its reputation for the manufacture of cheese that the picturesque village of Cheddar at the foot of the Mendips is to-day distinguished. In addition to this, it attracts large numbers of tourists in the summer season who inspect its canyonlike scenery, explore its limestone caves, and partake of its hospitable supply of strawberries and cream. Few connect it with a crisis in the story of English Christianity. Yet on the brink of the precipice which overlooks this Somersetshire village a drama was enacted some eleven centuries ago which was of crucial importance in the religious life of the land and is closely connected with the fortunes of Benedictinism in that country.

Edmund, the Saxon King, had chosen this place as one of his royal residences and it was in its vicinity that he was one day hunting when this thing happened. In the course of the chase the monarch became separated from the rest of the company. Suddenly a stag bounded across the lonely rider's path. Edmund put spurs to his horse and followed in hot pursuit. The animal with dilated nostrils and panting sides bounded from rock to rock and the huntsman had all he could do to keep it in view. But the mettlesome steed he rode entered into the game and strained every muscle to come up with the stag. All might have gone well for the rider had not the animal, maddened by fear, made straight for the edge of the cliff beneath which lies the Gorge. In vain the King tugged at his bridle; the horse was now too excited to heed the warning, or the danger was too near to allow him to pull up. Certain death, it seemed, faced the huntsman, for nothing now could stop his mount from following the

stag in the leap to which it had taken into the abyss. At such times one thinks quickly, and Edmund's thoughts, in that awful moment, flew to the holy and wise monk and counsellor whom a faction of his court had persuaded him to dismiss from his service. While he strained to make the horse swerve from the fatal path, he vowed that, if preserved, he would recall Dunstan. No sooner was the vow formed in his mind than he felt the pace slacken. On the very edge of the precipice the trembling steed drew up.

The King was as good as his word. Returning to his palace, he called for the dismissed Minister, who had been on the point of enlisting in the service of another sovereign, and bade him ride with him across the fenland which separates Cheddar from Glastonbury. Together they entered the abbey church at Glastonbury where, after prayer, Edmund gave the monk the kiss of peace, and, taking him by the hand, led him to the Abbot's throne. The position just then was vacant and the action



CHEDDAR GORGE

clearly indicated the King's choice of the new Abbot.

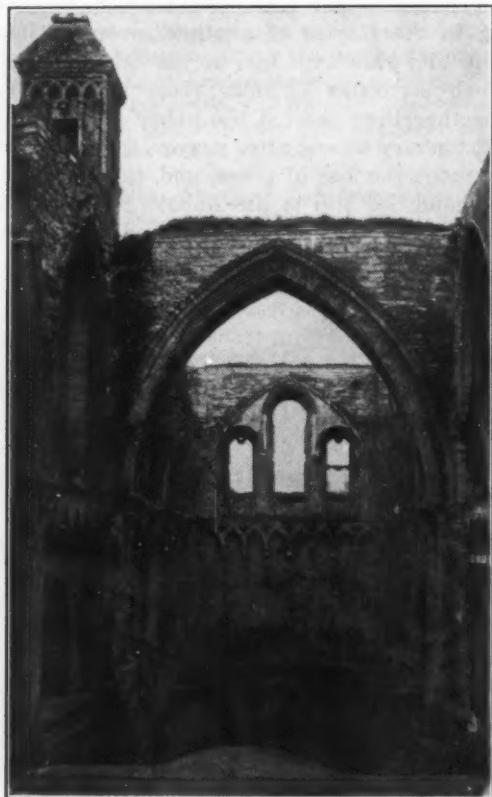
Glastonbury to-day is nothing but a heap of ruins, the result of the spoliation in the sixteenth century when the stones were sold at so much a load for farmhouses and stables. Even before that date it had ceased to have the importance it once possessed. But there was a glamor about Glastonbury of which not even Canterbury could boast. It was, in all probability, the first Christian church in Britain. Tradition asserted that it had been visited by Joseph of Arimathea who had left there the sacred chalice—known later as the Holy Grail—used at the first Eucharist. It was also reputed to be the burying place of King Arthur and his Queen, Guinevere. The names of St. Patrick, St. Brigid, St. Columba, and St. David gave it, in the eyes of Dunstan's contemporaries, a supernatural splendor possessed by no other shrine in the land. But it had yet to be-

come what the saint made it. Indeed, at that time all religious houses had fallen from their former state.

They were critical days for the Church in England. King Alfred had chased the heathen Danes from his shores and repaired the churches and monasteries, bringing over learned men from the Continent to instruct his subjects. But Alfred had been dead over forty years. In the meanwhile the pagan pirates had returned. Their fierce raids were of special danger to religious houses, for they made a point of destroying these whenever they came across them. Moreover there was dissension among the Saxons themselves. Some were for the centralizing of authority, the upholding of laws, conciliatory methods in treating such Danes as had accepted English nationality. The Church—as might be expected—was on this side. But the opposition was powerful. It had managed, as we have seen, to secure the dismissal of an influential Minister in the person of Dunstan. There was urgent need of some strong personality to impose discipline, to strengthen the Crown and to Christianize its policy towards the subjugated enemy. The man whom the King, in his hour of penitence, had vowed to restore to favor proved to be the needed deliverer.

It was not long before the new Abbot made his will felt at Glastonbury. Adopting the rule of St. Benedict, he set to work to create order and efficiency where before had been only chaos and laxity. One of the first things he did was to rebuild the Abbey itself, thus laying the foundations of the magnificent pile which was to be the glory of the West. Novices flocked to one so clearly marked out for leadership. Soon other religious houses began to model themselves on Dunstan's work. His reforms did more than change Glastonbury; they changed England. The school for youths which he established became a center of learning for the whole realm. The Glastonbury of that period has been called "the Rome of England," for what Rome was to the world, it was to all the country ruled over by Edmund.

On the assassination of that King in 946, his successor, Edred, still further increased the Abbot's power and Dunstan became, in effect, the first Prime Minister of England. What he



ST. JOSEPH'S CHAPEL—GLASTONBURY

had done for ecclesiastical affairs he now effected in the political sphere. His great object was to unify the heterogeneous elements of the nation. The pacific policy pursued with regard to those Danes who, after years of conflict with the Saxons, had settled down on the land was not unlike that foreshadowed by Lincoln after the Civil War. Against the faction that would have kept up the old enmity, he urged that bygones should be forgotten, and won the day. He consolidated, disciplined, and educated the rough elements with which he had to deal, thus carrying on the work of Alfred the Great. This Benedictine Abbot, it has been said, "was the first to demand of England that she become a nation."

But on the death of Edred trouble began. The new King was a characterless profligate. It is even told of him that he left his coronation feast to dally with loose women. This roused Dunstan's ire. He was no sycophant and certainly no coward, and he sought out the newly-anointed monarch and peremptorily commanded him to return to the feast. Such an act could not be forgiven, and shortly after the minister was obliged to flee. He found refuge at the Abbey of Mont Blandinium, near Ghent in Flanders, one of the centers of the Benedictine revival on the Continent, where the Abbeys of Cluny and Fleury were exerting great influence.

While here, the English fugitive learned much regarding the stricter observance of the rule which, on his return, following Edwig's death, he was quick to adopt for his native land. Edgar, the new occupant of the throne made him, in 959, Archbishop of Canterbury. From this exalted position he was able to see that the changes he had inaugurated at Glastonbury were applied to the country as a whole. Regular observance became the normal thing, churches and monasteries were rebuilt, and the moral reform of the clergy and laity greatly advanced, while such heathendom as still survived was suppressed. An iron rule tempered with judgment and mercy was his policy, and, though he made many enemies, as such men will, the greatness of his character was fully recognized when, as an old man nearing eighty, he laid down at Canterbury the burden of his strenuous life. The Church reckons him among her

saints and, till St. Thomas à Becket's martyrdom, he was the most popular of all those of his countrymen so honored. As a statesman, he is acknowledged by all authority to have been one of the makers of England.

Some may see in the hunting incident which gave him his opportunity no more than an accident. But if it was no more, it was an accident which he used to the full and which had an all-important influence on the religious life of that and succeeding ages.

St. Dunstan made England, we say. But what made St. Dunstan? To that question there is only one answer. Without the rule of St. Benedict he could but have groped as an amateur with the difficult problems confronting him. St. Benedict's rule was the formative influence in his own life, and he made it the formative influence in the country it was his destiny so greatly to mould. When men speak foolishly of monasticism, ignorant of what it contributed alike to the spiritual welfare, the political wisdom, and the intellectual culture of an age in which were laid the foundations of our modern civilization, it is well to recall the careers of men like St. Dunstan, Abbot of Glastonbury and Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Model

KATE AYERS ROBERT

When one attempts to picture scenes
Of suffering, strife, or joy,
He has a model in his mind
Whose traits he would employ.

I'd paint for you a character—
A foster father mild—
Who ruled the home in Nazareth
Where Jesus was a child.

"Twas Joseph—man of many cares—
Whose gentle but firm hand
Did hold in check the youthful will
With gentle reprimand.

He honor gave to Spouse and Child,
Thought both were known to be
By every right of grace and truth
More richly crowned than he.

If loyalty you'd know and joy,
O parents of to-day,
Take for your model Joseph mild
To guide you on your way.

The Blue Clay Madonna of the Ozarks

ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI

WHEN the train tore through the dawn fog like a huge serpent studded with sparkling windows, Cherry would stare after it from the door of her Ozark homestead, her eyes glittering. The train would send out a hooting salute as it made the curve down by Red River Hollow, and, its wheels clanking along the parallels, invited, "Come along—come along!"

Cherry would watch the last glimpse of the serpent merge into the purple haze of the mountains, then she'd go about her chores, dreaming.

There was no use trying to persuade old man Perkins that the homestead was only bringing starvation to him and his granddaughter, he clung to the land his fathers had snatched from the Indians, as a cripple clings to his crutch in the sleet.

He loved every oak, pine, and shrub about the place, yes, even the rocks of it that prevented his plow from furrowing, and the clay of it, that smeared one's hands.

The house was still as his grandfather had built it with his own hands out of dove-tailed logs. On the south side of the wall one could yet see the bullet holes fired by the Indians that had killed his mother. The Perkinses had given their lives for that land! Old man Perkins was not going to desert his inheritance for the city.

Cherry would pass the long hours under the trees, fashioning crude figures out of clay, yellow clay, pink clay, blue clay that Nature had placed in layers under the soil of the homestead.

She'd make boats that were nutshell-like, little dogs that resembled fat pigs and funny men whose crudity made her cry. There was beauty in her heart, but her fingers would turn that beauty into ugliness, "just because I haven't been taught!" she'd sob, when she would regard her crude efforts with tear-dimmed eyes after she had worked for hours.

The only one who encouraged her was big blonde Gus, the son of the Tobers who lived by Red River. Gus often told Cherry she was an artist, and he would dig his shovel deep in the

earth to disclose the pretty-colored clay Cherry liked to work with.

The postmistress of Red River gave Cherry all the pretty pictures she found in magazines and newspapers, and one day she gave Cherry a small magazine with a pretty picture of a very beautiful lady garbed in flowing blue garments, a star above her brow. That night Cherry read in the little magazine that the beautiful Lady was the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of Jesus. Cherry had never seen such a pretty picture. That night she dreamed that the beautiful Virgin Mother was smiling on her.

The next day, as Cherry went about her chores, she could not help but think of her dream, and that evening she found herself fashioning a little figure out of blue clay, a little figure that faintly resembled the form of that beautiful one on the magazine cover.

That day Cherry's fingers touched the clay almost reverently, for she wanted to make something very, very pretty. She tried over and over again and her eyes filled with tears for the beauty of her heart could not be transmitted through her finger tips. And that is how Gus found her when he went to see her, the little figure in her hand, crying.

"Well, well, what's this?" smiled big Gus seating himself on the grass beside the girl. "You're crying—"

"Look," whispered Cherry holding forth her work. "What do you think I made?"

Gus took the little figure in his big hands, and said gently: "It's the prettiest thing you've done, Cherry. It's a Madonna, like they have at the Mission."

The girl's face brightened. "A Madonna? And where is the Mission?"

"A long way from here. I've been there once to take a missionary who came by here, and I saw an altar with a statue on it just like this."

"Just like this?" queried Cherry hope in her eyes.

"Well, not just like this, it's larger and painted and very pretty," replied Gus. "Catholics

go to the Mission and ask the Madonna to ask her Son to do things for them."

That night Cherry read the little magazine from cover to cover, and some beautiful ideas were imparted to her mind. Before she went to sleep, she gazed down at the little blue clay Madonna her hands had fashioned, and asked her a big favor! "Please, Mother Mary, ask your Son for me to help grandpa make a living out of the homestead. And please help me make pretty things with clay."

That night Cherry placed the little figure inside of the old clock on the mantle and went to sleep, a strange peace in her heart.

Afterwards, when things began to happen, Cherry was not surprised, for, when she had asked the favor of the Mother of God, she had felt *certain* it would be granted.

It was nine days later that two engineers, surveying for the construction of a road, stopped at the Perkins' homestead for the night. That evening as they were loitering about the log cabin waiting to partake of some food, one of the men paused before the fireplace and looked up at the old clock. "That's sure an old timer," he said to Cherry who was busy setting the table.

"Yes sir," said Cherry.

The man was touching the clock. Suddenly he turned to the girl.

"I say, what's this?" he queried. Cherry looked up. The stranger was holding the blue clay Madonna in his hands. "What's this made of?" he asked touching the figure with his forefinger.

"It's clay," said Cherry, "just blue clay."

The man beckoned to his friend, they whispered. Cherry stood by, her fingers tormenting her apron. "Who made this?" asked one of the men.

Cherry blushed then said bravely: "I did, but I know it's not as pretty as it should be."

"It is pretty," said one of the men. "And where did you get the clay?"

"It's all around here, and it's all colors," answered the girl.

The men placed the little statue back in the clock and went outside, spoke to the old man, and soon after they were walking toward the big oak where pink, yellow, green, and blue clay

had been revealed by Gus' shovel. Cherry watched them breathlessly.

This was many, many years ago. To-day beautiful colored pottery comes from the land of the Ozarks. There are several pottery productions in the former kingdom of the red man where the native clay is modeled and fired in ovens. Slim vases with blending stripes of blue, gold, rose, and mauve; large urns of indigo blue clay with dashes of magenta. Squatty pots and odd pots in perfect blending shades are made.

Those of you who have toured the Ozarks, must have brought back to the city such bits of pottery as souvenirs. There are shelves and shelves of them in every gift shop in the Ozarks. You may have one such pot or vase on your mantle right now if you look about.

Some of the prettiest pieces comes from the firing kilns of Cherry's homestead down in the Ozarks and some of the prettiest modelings have been fashioned by Cherry's hands.

Cherry is not a little girl any more, she is an artist whose deft fingers give beauty and form to the gifts of nature.

Gus, is still her most competent critic and when we last went to see Cherry in her pretty home he showed us some artistic pieces of pottery his wife had fashioned.

Cherry pointed proudly to her masterpiece, the little blue clay Madonna, that stands upon a beautiful pedestal in their home. The little Madonna is old, but the promise she symbolizes is ever new: "Ask and it shall be granted."

Puteoli

WILL B. THOMPSON

At Puteoli, where the springs are warm,
Whose healing vapors from the rocks arise.
Angelic boys hold dreams within their eyes,
And bees among the clover like to swarm.
Just as in Vergil's day, there is a charm
Of vine-clad hills and deep Italian skies,
That passing years and change alike defies,
Here where the Mediterranean lays blue arm

About a sapphire bay, on which the green
Of vine and olive dips to ultramarine,
Pure jewels in the ripe land of decay;
And yet how lovely is each Roman way,
Artemis on her hill, Saint Paul below,
And lemon blossoms deep in cloistered snow.

In the Land of Legend

NANCY BUCKLEY

A WEEK later I crossed the frontier at Breisach, and had my first views of Germany, a country whose past is profuse in romance, legend, and story; whose present is throbbing with the powerful rhythm of the twentieth century; whose future seems to be that of a great industrial state.

What romance, what quaintness, what unique individuality, I saw through my car window as my train bounded the broad expanse of lowlands where the finely cultivated acres were so carefully laid out that they seemed like the colored patchwork quilt my grandmother made!

Meadows and pastures were abloom with flowers, a charming symphony of a thousand colors. The country roads were wide white rib-

bons stretching from village to village. The houses, even the smallest peasant huts, were surrounded by flowers of vivid hues. Green fields smiled at me, bidding me a sincere welcome; cool dark forests invited me to taste of their silence and their peace; lovely hills called me to rest on their soft breasts; exquisitely beautiful vales dreamed in enchanted slumber like fairy princesses.

All too soon the last bits were fitted into this charming mosaic. Beauty of a different kind awaited me at Freiburg where I was to pass the night. I do not think I will ever forget this fine old city in the Black Forest. It has imprinted itself on my memory for ever.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon. Quickly I put my bags in the hotel, and then strolled along quaint streets, through ancient gates, until I found the treasure house of the Cathedral.

The façade is richly sculptured, and the lofty and graceful spire has few equals, and not many superiors among the Gothic marvels of France. The interior is most impressive. All the chairs had been removed from the centre aisle, and I was thus enabled to see perfectly its unsurpassed loveliness. Nearly all of the windows are of fine old stained-glass.

I lingered long in the square surrounding the Cathedral, revelling in the few fascinating houses of fifteenth-century architecture. Then I sat by one of the ancient fountains adorned with statues of heroes of medieval times. Around me flowed the life of the city. Everybody seemed gay and happy. Boys and girls hurrying home on their bicycles, whistled light bits of opera; the bells of the Cathedral were telling the angelus hour, a group of men, probably some singing society, gave an impromptu concert in the street. Melody everywhere! I realized then that Germany is the classic land of music. It is in the atmosphere; it permeates the life of the people; high and low, king and peasant, young and old—all share equally in the lavish inheritance of a musical past; all guard reverently this sacred trust.



INTERIOR OF CATHEDRAL—FREIBURG

Germany's famous composers—Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Strauss, Wagner—to mention but a few—are as a galaxy of stars in her crown.

The next morning I was up early, eager to begin my trip through the famous Black Forest to Munich. My stock of superlatives completely fail me as I try to write of the beauty—the incomparable scenic loveliness—of this journey. The constantly changing views, each one more delightful than the last, formed one completely fascinating picture of wooded hills, towering pines, deep ravines, foaming brooks, stately rivers. The majesty and dignity of century-old trees blended harmoniously with the sylvan simplicity and idyllic charm of some far-flung lowland, brave in its summer covering of red poppy and purple lupin.

My train climbed up and up, and then higher still, until, leaning from my window, I touched the tips of the tallest pines. I was awed, as looking down on that sea of trees, they stirred slowly, like the waves on a calm day. And what coloring! All the shades of green, from sombre hues, almost black, to the pale tints of jade, and the rich warmth of emerald. My eyes misted. The pain of too much beauty caused me to turn away . . .

At six that same evening I was in the crowded station at Munich. Above the bustle and hurry came the sweet sounds of singing. Some returning friend was being characteristically welcomed by a musical club. It was beautiful singing, too; I listened as long as I could, until I had to hurry after my porter who was leading the way to the hotel just across the depot.

I was soon completely under the spell of Munich. I challenge anyone to resist her charm. She has a very special lure all her own: the splendid blending of her glorious past with the equally glorious prosperity of her vivid present. No wonder that she has furnished inspiration for immortal poets. Her slim fingers have carved history into the stone of her churches and palaces. Her colorful draperies trail across parks and fountains and rivers. Her white feet move swiftly on the lofty peaks that sentinel her gates.

It was fascinating just to walk from the Central Station down Prielmayer Strasse leading straight into the city. Here, on the principal thoroughfare of a great modern city, men

in the leather breeches, the embroidered belt, the cocky, green felt hat embellished with an eagle's feather of the Bavarian mountaineer, passed me by all unconscious of the fact that they could easily, without change of costume, enact a part in some Middle-Age folkplay or pageant. Sometimes, but not often, women dressed in voluminous skirts of many-colored silks gay with ribbons, lace, and gold buttons, went about their affairs untroubled by the effect of their picturesque garb in the swarm of hustling, rushing crowds.

It is the romance and lure of the past, dwelling side by side with the vitality of the present, that fascinated me in my all too-brief stay in Munich. Likewise it was refreshing and inspirational.

The Cathedral, known as the Church of Our Lady, is built on slightly elevated ground which adds to its impressiveness. Though in the Gothic style, the towers have curious helmet-



CATHEDRAL, AND STATUE OF OUR LADY—MUNICH

shaped tops. The exterior is simple and massive, without ornamentation, which serves to show to fine advantage its splendid proportions. The interior is very very beautiful, spacious and mighty, with the splendid soaring pillars that are a glorious characteristic of Gothic architecture. The magnificent tomb of the Emperor Ludwig the Bavarian, stands near the main entrance.

Leaving the Cathedral, I walked to the Marienplatz, so called because of the Column of the Virgin erected here in 1640. What a picturesque place it was that lovely June day!

In the tower of the Town Hall the sweet notes of the chimes flew down like larks released from a cage. It was almost one o'clock, and I lingered to see the figures under the clock go through their quaint performance.

Munich's earliest history centres around this square. Hosts of armored knights and warriors rode through the gates close by to wage

war in her defence. I fancied I could hear their rhythmic tramp on the cobbled street. It may have been my poetical imagination or the sun slanting across my eyes, but I saw a strange procession winding about: ancient dignitaries in fur-trimmed garb and furbished chains of gold; peasants gathering for a joyful festival; robust mountaineers; maidens with golden tresses; rollicking students. And music and laughter and brilliant sunshine....

Some annoying moderns urged me to watch the clock. It was fascinating to see the knights tilt before the royal box; and, the tournament over, to watch the villagers dance on the green to the tinkling music of the chimes. All quite realistically and charmingly done.

My five days slipped by like five minutes. I had indeed found a treasure trove in Munich! How I longed to stay! But I had to leave all this enchanting beauty for the infinitely greater, because spiritual, beauty that was awaiting me in the small village of Oberammergau.

Alan's Daughter

A Story of Saxon People and Saxon Saints in England During the Seventh Century

MARY AGATHA GRAY

CHAPTER XIX—DUNCAN

WHEN Brother Hugh recovered consciousness, the Prior was bending over him, and the Brother Infirmary stood beside him. "He will be all right now," he heard the Brother say, and then he opened his eyes wide.

"It was Duncan!" he said excitedly, "Duncan grown old, but I should have known him anywhere. Did none of you see him?"

The Prior shook his head. You swooned, Brother Hugh, that was all. Lie here quietly and you shall get up for Matins if you feel able, you are old now and we must be careful of you," he added kindly.

But the old man muttered to himself still, half unconsciously, "I saw him plainly, and I could not be mistaken, he was an old man like me, and there was a young one with him, the very image of what he was when he was young. It must be that he needs prayers, and I had thought him in Heaven long ago, or perhaps he

came to warn me to prepare to meet him soon, for I am old and it is not in nature that I can live much longer. Nay, Father Prior, be not angry with an old man, for I truly saw him, and the young man too, who might have been his son had he lived. Yet I know full well that they all perished long ago."

"You must keep quiet Brother, or you shall not rise for Matins," said the Prior firmly, as he might have spoken to a wilful child.

"Then I will be still, but I may pray for Duncan, Father? And will you ask the brethren to pray for him, too? I verily think that he came to reproach me for neglecting him," he added humbly, and the Prior left him, signing to the infirmary to follow him.

"There is no danger, Brother?" he asked when they were out of the cell.

"I think not, Father, but he is very old and I like not this talk of seeing dead men, for it chances thus at times when a man is coming to

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the end. But Brother Hugh hath ever appeared strong above the average."

"Well, well, we shall all come to the end one of these days, and it may be that Brother Hugh hath come to his now. Watch him carefully, Brother, but don't let him notice it, it seems to irritate him. If he grows worse fetch me at once." And the Prior passed down the cloister in the direction of the Abbot's lodgings, for he had been bidden to report on the aged Brother's condition. He found the Archbishop conferring with the Abbot and was about to withdraw when Theodore called him back.

"How seems he?" he asked briefly.

"Somewhat recovered, my Lord, but babbling of an old chief, Duncan by name, whom he says that he saw in the Cathedral. He was his chief that was slain now many years ago, in Northumbria, and he believes that the old man came to reproach him for neglecting to pray for his soul."

"Nay then, it was but a fancied resemblance, for I myself saw an old man with a harp slung across his shoulders, and with him there was a young one who carried a great sword. I noted them and their bearing for they knelt a little apart, and they were strangers."

The Prior rubbed his chin, "Then there was something in the Brother's fancy after all," he said meditatively.

"If they can be found, it might be as well for them to have speech with the Brother, just to convince him that there was nothing supernatural in the affair. Send out to find the strangers, Father Prior, and have them brought to the guest house, and to-morrow bring Brother Hugh down to them, and so he may be convinced of the wildness of this fancy. But say nothing to him to-night, let him rest, he is an old man, and this has been something of a shock to him."

The Prior bent the knee that he might kiss the Archbishop's ring, and went himself immediately in search of the strangers, according to his command. It took a lay brother more than two hours to find them, and all the time they had been seated rather forlornly beside the Abbey gates, for, said Alan, "we may not disturb the good monks with our clatter, and presently one of them may chance to pass through the door."

The Brother returning saw them. "You must be they whom the Archbishop would have lodged in our guest house to-night," he said, and as he spoke he rang the bell beside the door. A moment later a monk looked through the wicket and as soon as he saw the strangers, and the Brother with the porter they were conducted across a great open courtyard in which they noticed many tall elms where the rooks were just then settling down for the night. The guest house was a long, low building that ran the whole length of the courtyard. Opposite to it was the monastery, and the other sides of the enclosure were occupied by the Abbot's Lodging and the offices. The Abbot's Lodging was a plain, low house, furnished with reception rooms for the transaction of business, and the entertainment of ecclesiastical visitors. Alan was too weary to note much of his surroundings, and Osway was silent, but his hands fingered the guilt handle of the big sword at his side, and he recalled the battle songs that Alan the Scot had sung to him in the woods about Wenlock, and on the long road South.

The Prior came to them quietly, they had not heard his footsteps, nor the opening of the door. "I give you welcome, good sirs," he said kindly, I will not keep you long, doubtless you are weary enough to desire to rest, for I see that you have been travelling."

"Aye, Father," replied Osway, "we are from Wenlock in Hwicca, and we seek Queen Ermenburga who is now in Kent."

"That is true. It is now some weeks since she went to Eastry with the King, her cousin, and report saith that she will tarry in that place while the new abbey is building."

"King Merwald is also building an abbey at Wenlock. He is turning his palace into a religious house."

"May God reward his piety! Queen Ermenburga hath a daughter who is young and fair, and pious too, I heard."

"Mildred! An angel in human form."

The Prior smiled. "I hear that she is to be Abbess of the new foundation. But the Lady, her mother, will have the care of it until she is ready, for she is but a child as yet."

"But a child, 'tis true, but with the mind of a woman, Father. I would that I might live to see her abbess in King Egbert's house, but I

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am too old," he added wearily, "I may not hope to tarry that long."

"Courage, friend. I will send supper to you soon, and afterward you shall rest. To-morrow I will see you again. God keep you," he added as he went away.

Alan rose hastily, "I give you good night, good Father—" he said, but the Prior had gone.

Brother Hugh went to the guest house with the Prior on the following day. He had been told nothing. They found Alan and Osway seated beside the hearth for the day was gusty and chilly, with fitful gleams of sunshine at intervals that served only to accentuate the gloom, and the fire was pleasant. Alan's hands still lingered on the strings of his harp, for he had been beguiling the hours with song. Osway sat somewhat moodily on a low stool before the blaze, and the sword of Thunor lay across his knees; he appeared to have forgotten it for the moment.

Brother Hugh trembled as his eyes fell upon Alan. He drew back a step or two and pulled at the Prior's habit.

"It is he! It is Duncan!" he cried and touched the guest of the Archbishop with his hands that he might be sure he was a living person. The result seemed to increase his bewilderment, and Alan had risen stiffly and his knees had fallen apart so that the harp would

have fallen had not Osway taken hold of it.

"Who spoke?" he asked hoarsely. "Ah, memory come to me! Was I not once called 'Duncan'? Duncan!" he said it slowly once or twice, listening for the sound. "Duncan, the Chief. Aye, I was Duncan the Chief! But who speaks?" he cried piteously, struggling with the memory as yet only half awakened. Then putting out his hands, he took hold of Brother Hugh and drew him into the light.

The Prior watched them in silence. Moments seemed to bear the weight of centuries, and he held his breath with the suspense of it, for he had the gift of sympathy.

Brother Hugh was silent, too, though his emotion shook him like a storm, for he felt the need of giving his old chieftain time. And then, to aid the fluttering memory, he said again, "Duncan!" but gently, and the old man looked into the eyes of the Brother, struggling with the memory that mocked him.

"I knew you once—" he faltered. "Tell me your name—you—were—not—a monk—then. Ah....! Diuma! Diuma!" He fairly shouted the name in his excitement as he looked closely, almost fiercely at the Brother. But Brother Hugh made no reply and the Prior held his peace. To have interfered then might have imperilled the reason of the old chieftain.

And presently Alan withdrew his hands from the shoulders of the Brother and covered his face with them as though to shut out every thought, and thus he remained for a space. They had forgotten Osway, but he rose then, and laid the harp carefully aside. Then with a trembling hand he unbuckled the sword belt from his own waist, and thrust the weapon into the hands of the old man. Duncan fingered it reminiscently, half unconsciously.

"The Chief's sword, the sword of Duncan," he murmured, "the sign of the Chief—mine! Yes, I know it now, my sword hath told me. Alas! alas! I am old and I was young. Diuma, tell me what of my wife and child?"

Osway went and stood beside the old man and the Prior watched him feverishly because he saw no longer Osway the simpleton, the half fool; he had read the young man's story in his eyes. It was no surprise to him when Osway laid both his hands upon the old chieftain's and knelt to him crying, "Father! O my Father!"

The Eucharist

LONA PEARSON MACDORMAN

THE BREAD

I see Him stagger 'neath the cross,
And then—I see it lifted high;
That Kingly head, with crown of thorns
Is bowed, as curious crowds draw nigh;
I see His nail-pierced feet and hands,
Those hands that soothed and blessed and healed;
So clearly His great sacrifice
In broken bread is thus revealed.

THE WINE

I see the blood ooze from His side,
And hear Him groan in agony;
And yet He heeds the thief who pleads,
And answers, "thou shalt be with Me
This very day in paradise."
Oh, what a privilege we share—
To drink this chalice of His blood,
Made His by consecrating prayer.

Brother Hugh cried aloud in astonishment, and Alan turned to the kneeling man mystified.

"Nay, I had a son," he said, "but he was slain together with his nurse. They brought me the child's coat. Ah! it all comes back to me now." And covering his face with his hands he wept.

The Prior led him back to his seat. "Weep not, friend," he said, "but rather rejoice that things are not so evil as you thought."

"How can I know it? The man saith he is my son, but can he prove it?"

"Hear me, Father!" cried Osway. "The man who carried off your wife and daughter, held me also. He thought I was a fool, a simpleton, and I suffered him to think it. Edith knew it all, but she is dead, and she was dumb."

"Dumb?"

"The man made her so, lest she might tell my sister who she was. I knew, but 'twas best to keep mine own counsel, and bide my time, for not every woman can be trusted with a secret."

"This passes belief!" cried the Prior.

"Nevertheless, it is true, good Father. The time came when the man openly boasted to me of his evil deeds, and those that he told me not of, I found out. Father, he boasted to me that he had slain you with his own hands, beside your own threshold; until to-day I knew not that you still lived, for Alan, the Scot, and my father seemed not to be the same person."

The old man swayed upon his seat and the Prior put out his hand to steady him. "Enough for to-day," he said to Osway, "all these surprises are too much for his strength. Stay with them, Brother Hugh, I must to the Abbot."

He went away then leaving them together, the two old men, and Osway who slipped upon his knees at the feet of the father he had found.

"Father, let me take you to my sister. Our Mother is dead these many years, she died of grief, broken-hearted for your loss and for the captivity of her children. For herself, I believe that she did not greatly care, but she grieved exceedingly for our sakes. I can remember her, though I was not very old when she died, and seeing Edith's dumbness partly suggested to me the part I played. The scheme was successful, for no one suspected that I was other than I seemed, or that I could do any harm, and so I

had liberty that would otherwise have been denied me. How I longed to kill the tyrant, but something always held my hand and, that I might protect my sister, I continued to play the fool. How often I have longed to tell her the truth, but if she had known me for her brother, I could not have depended upon her. She still thinks that Thunor was her father."

"Thunor! Egbert's thane? Come, son, for indeed I believe you so now, let us go and take your sister away from him. How came you to leave her in his hands?" he demanded sternly.

"It was the leading of God," broke in Brother Hugh, "and there is more yet for you to learn, of another kind of news," he added, and they turned toward him and he noted how erect the old chieftain sat with one hand on the shoulder of his son, and he marvelled greatly at the resemblance between the two. He paused for a moment as though to give additional weight to his words. Then, "Thunor is dead," he said simply.

"Dead!" cried Duncan. "And what then of my child? Must I lose her now that I have found her?"

"Your child is safe with Queen Ermenburga, Duncan."

"'Twas she that promised me that I should find her at the end. May God be praised! I be-

Couldst Thou Not Watch With Me?

ROSE DARROUGH

You tell me, friend, that since that far off night,
When in the upper room Christ blessed and broke the
bread,

He has dwelt upon your altars here
As surely as he dwelt in lowly Nazareth.
Yet I have marveled day by day
To see you pass His door and hurry on
To join a game of bridge, to meet a friend,
To buy the latest bauble:
And when to day I passed and saw, within,
The light which you have told me glimmers there
To say that he is ever waiting,
I seemed to hear adown indifferent centuries
A broken cry of utter loneliness:
"Couldst thou not watch one little hour with me?"

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This poem was suggested by the surprised remarks of a non-Catholic woman who could not understand what seemed to her the lukewarm attitude of Catholics toward the Blessed Sacrament. She has since come into the Church, and is leading a very devout and holy life.

lieved it for a long while and the belief brought me much peace of mind, but of late it hath seemed so impossible that my faith hath wavered. Come, son, we will set forth at once. I cannot wait to hold my child in my arms."

He rose as though to depart, but Brother Hugh stayed them. "Nay, Duncan, the day is long past noon and the nights are both cold and dark," he said, "you could not reach Eastry to-night."

Duncan sat down again. "There is wisdom in your counsel, Diuma, and I'll take it, as I used to take it in other days," he added with a smile. And then the Prior came back bringing the Abbot's command that for that night also they should be the guests of the Abbey.

"Then we will start at sunrise, good Father," stipulated the chieftain.

The Prior smiled quietly. "A little afterward it may be, Chief, for the Abbot bids me say that he will place horses at your disposal, and travelling companions likewise, for Adalbert goes to Eastry on the King's business and, Brother Hugh, you are to accompany him."

Duncan seized the Prior's hand and carried it to his lips, "I know not how to thank you, Father," he said.

"Then thank me not," returned the Prior much moved, "for I have done very little. But neglect not to thank God who hath given you the desires of your heart."

He left them again and they sat in earnest converse until the bell rang for Vespers. Brother Hugh rose then, "Farewell, Duncan," he said, "let us thank God for bringing us all together again. We are old now, I am older than you, and I feel that my days are numbered. I go to Vespers, will you not come too?"

"Aye, old friend, and Osway shall come with me."

They passed together out of the low, dark portal of the guest house and across the courtyard that was just then flooded with the bright sunshine of the October afternoon. Now and then a crimson or gold leaf fluttered quietly to earth from the tall trees that made the enclosure a miniature park. To the two old men they spoke eloquently of the end of all things, but they were too grateful to be saddened, and Osway, looking up into the brown tracery of branches murmured softly, "See how God fin-

ishes His work, even the falling leaves are made glorious."

Duncan caught his words and turned back to him, "Aye, my son, such is the ending of those things that have fulfilled the purpose of God."

Osway did not reply. He had seen peace striving with joy in the face of his father. It was almost transfigured, but he had not words to tell his thoughts, and then they entered into the mystic shadows of the Cathedral where they sat a little apart as they had done the day before, while the black-robed monks sang the first Vespers of the Holy Angels.

(To be continued)

Eucharistic Thoughts

V. D.

Jesus present in the Holy Eucharist bridges the gap between our humanity and God's divinity.

Distaste for Holy Communion shows an unwillingness to remain free from sin; and the cause of this distaste comes, not from the Eucharist Which contains all sweetness, but from the disinterested receiver.

In the Blessed Sacrament all God's love is focused upon us.

To be truly devoted to the Blessed Sacrament is to make one's eternal salvation certain.

Consult frequently with the One Who has your best interests always at heart; visit Jesus in the Tabernacle and tell Him your troubles.

Some persons, when alone, talk to themselves; others talk to God. Some persons, when either alone or with others, think of themselves; others think of God. Try to become one of the others.

Even nature stands in reverential awe of the mysteries which are enacted during the Holy Mass. There her inexorable laws are being daily set aside because God Himself is working out His sublimest act of love for His creatures.

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Unique Inventions to Aid the Blind

FRANCIS DICKIE

(Concluded)

MATERIAL to be used in the various periodicals is selected by the foreign secretary, Mr. George L. Raverat, from the leading magazines in English and French, hundreds of articles and stories being carefully examined monthly, and a choice made of material most likely to appeal to sightless people. Care is always taken to publish nothing on the affliction of blindness. An example of the wide variety of material used can be judged by quoting the selections recently made for the two magazines published in English:

"Wobly Talk," by Stewart Holbrook (*American Mercury*), "When the Caribou Failed," by Captain Mallett (*Atlantic Monthly*), "Bird Bending," by W. W. Nelson (*National Geographic Magazine*), "Mikimoto and the Culture Pearl," by Professor Starr Jordan (*Scientific American*), "Marriage Today and Tomorrow," by Havelock Ellis (*Forum*), "Voodoo," by John W. Vandercock (*Harper's*).

The secretary also passes upon the new books to be published. There are four volumes printed in Serbian; four in Roumanian; ten in Polish; a hundred in French by leading writers, among some of which are Anatole France; J. H. Fabre; Loti, and Bourget. Florence L. Barclay's "Rosary," Oliver Curwood's, "The Golden Snare," Stevenson's "Treasure Island," and Bulwer Lytton's "Last Day's of Pompeii" are some of the English books translated into French Braille. There are twenty-six titles published for English readers, some of the books being William Beebe's "Galapagos World's End," O'Brien's "White Shadoes In The South Seas," Conrad's "Rover," Kipling's "The Brushwood Boy," Mason's "The Four Feathers." The greatest single work is "The Three Musketeers," which required ten volumes in Braille. Reymont Ladislas, "The Peasants," a series of four books in ordinary print, is published in thirteen volumes in Braille. The greatest single publishing achievement of the press has just been completed by the issuing of the French

Larousse Encyclopædia in twenty-two volumes. Seven hundred blind people have already been given sets of this.

In addition to reading matter, 700,000 pages of music have been put out by the press to date, for it must be remembered that music is an occupation open to the blind. This is particularly true in France where a large number of men and women entirely support themselves by their earnings in various branches of music. Popular songs and jazzy pieces are produced in large quantities now; but the principal demand remains for work by standard composers as Brahms, Grieg, Mozart, Chopin, Mascagni, etc.

Many humorous incidents occur to such a man as the foreign secretary of such an institution. To the majority of the 22,000 blind in



RADIO SET FOR THE BLIND



"BLACKBOARD" FOR DOING MATHEMATICS

France, who have had dealings with the American Braille Press, Mr. Raverat's name is known, and he has become a sort of clearing house, so to speak, for their needs and troubles. Blind people living in the city come to him for advice; those in the country write. Often a blind man writes from a little province town asking the secretary's aid in finding him a wife. Men about to get married send their savings to him with the request to select dresses, hats, and household necessities for their wives. Blind girls request he purchase something stylish for them to wear. Many other matters of a more personal nature are placed before him. His position of clearing house demands much tact, sympathy, understanding, thought, and consideration.

The building, housing this great institution, was formerly the ancestral home of the Duc de Clermont Tonnerre, and his library now holds some of the reserve stock of Braille books. Here in this vast mansion, entirely renovated to fit the requirements of a big printing shop, the blind worker is seen in a new aspect—the blind working for the blind.

Practically the entire staff of fifty employees are blind. Yet they successfully operate complicated machinery. In one big room are the only motor-driven stereotype machines in the world which punch the dots on zinc plates on

both sides. This very ingenious invention, called "Interpoint," permits the printing of Braille on both sides of the paper, reducing the naturally always bulky volumes to half their former thickness. The present books in Braille are 13½ inches high by 10½ inches wide, and contain an average of a 100 pages.

When a book or article is to be set up in Braille, a person of normal sight reads the text into an Ediphone. The impressed cylinders from this are transferred to the composing room and distributed to a half dozen reproducing dictaphones. These have headpieces which the blind operators of the stereotype machines put on. The dictaphones work or stop at their bidding, so repetition of text can be had if necessary. With the dictaphone going at one side, the blind operator sits down to work at the stereotype machine. This machine has a keyboard by which is transferred to plates of zinc, by means of "punches," all the dots which constitute the Braille writing. Each of these sheets of zinc make a page of print. Before the transferring of the zinc dots to paper, it is necessary that these sheets of zinc should be proof read. This is done by blind workers. The mistakes on the zinc are either blotted out with a small hammer, or, if new dots are needed, these are made with a small two-pointed steel instrument.

Braille is set in three grades: 1. Simple or fully spelled; 1½. Slightly contracted; and 2. Very much abbreviated for experienced readers.

The stereoed zinc plates are then sent to the printing room and put upon a press. A new high-speed press, which was recently invented, will later herein be more fully described.

The printed sheets go to a stitching machine, after which they are bound by hand in a strong, imitation-leather binding.

This, in brief, is the history to date of welfare work in aid of the blind, the outstanding feature of which is the participation of the blind in helping their kind.

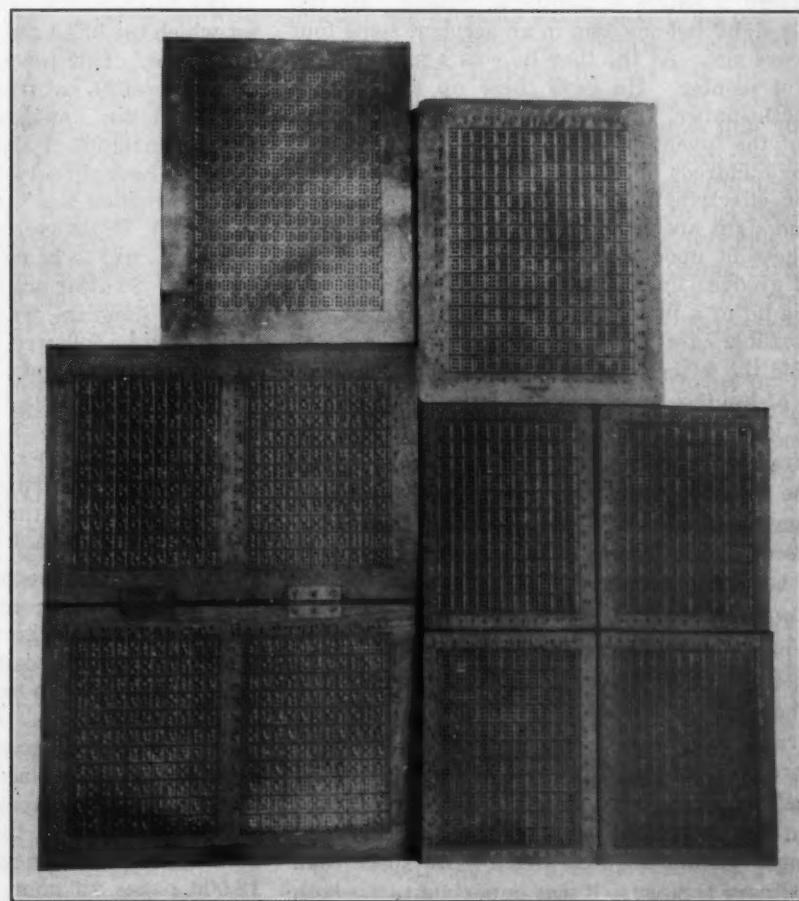
This is very strikingly apparent in the case of two of the new inventions, three of which have just been brought to completion in Paris. As noted at the beginning of this article these inventions are an entire departure from the past which was devoted to the improving methods of printing.

The invention of a cross-word puzzle for the blind will perhaps be of greatest interest to the average reader in view of the fact that such puzzles have proved so fascinating to people gifted with sight. It was perfected by a blind French musician, Morris Anceaux, thirty years of age, living near Paris. The first cross-word puzzle put out by him was of brass, rimmed with wood to raise the brass a little. The brass was hand-drilled with holes to hold large-headed short nails with which the blind could form the words, and could easily feel. It cost, however, three dollars and twenty cents to produce. As the American Braille Press supply free, or at less than cost, for those who care to pay, all their products, experiments were made to cut the cost of production on the new invention.

This evolution is illustrated in the accompanying photograph. The second board, also of brass and wood, cost two dollars and forty cents. One of heavy zinc was then made, but this still represented an outlay of one dollar and sixty cents, owing to the holes having to be hand-drilled. Then the workman in charge of the machine shop had a bright idea. He took one of the stereotype machines, the points of which ordinarily only indent the zinc plates used in printing. By lengthening the points on the machine he perforated the zinc. Thus with quickness and machine labor the holes were cut in the thin zinc plate, and a cross-word puzzle board turned out that was both cheap and very

light. Furthermore, by leaving a strip of zinc blank around the puzzle, and turning this down after the holes were made, a rim was formed raising the surface so the little nails had a clear space beneath. The board finally produced has fifteen spaces each way, the standard size for cross-word puzzles.

Of far more importance perhaps, though perhaps not of such great general interest, is the invention of a mathematical board completed almost simultaneously with the cross-word puzzle. By this board, simple and higher mathematics, including logarithms and algebra can be worked out by a blind person using the ordinary figures, letters, and mathematical signs. The immense significance of this requires some explanation to the layman: educators work-



CROSS-WORD PUZZLE BOARD

ing with blind children long ago discovered that a normal blind child, when studying alongside of children possessed of sight, made faster progress than when studying alone or with other blind children. In the past, however, the chief difficulty was that the blind child worked with Braille, which the teacher of ordinary children did not understand, and the teacher could not demonstrate to the blind child some problem she was explaining on the blackboard to pupils who could see. Now with the perfection of this new invention to teach mathematics, the blind child can sit in a class with children who see, for the board is fitted with the same letters and figures and symbols as are ordinarily used. By a queer coincidence the inventor of this frame is also blind, and has lost his left arm. His name is Vlodzimierz Dolanskiego, a native of Lemberg, Poland. He lost his sight and one arm in an accident some four years ago. At the time he was a piano player and painter. He gave these up and studied mathematics. To facilitate his labors he worked out the invention which is now manufactured for hundreds of others. The invention is simple, effective, inexpensive. The letters, figures, and signs are made of lead about an inch long. These fit upon a wooden frame with a series of grooved lines. The grooved frame fits into the lid of a little case. The lower part of this portable case is divided into compartments to hold the letters, numbers, and signs. The case is of lightest wood, and the letters being made of lead, the entire invention can be manufactured in quantities for about \$3. Judged from the point of utility, it will probably prove of more lasting good to the human race than crossword puzzles, though perhaps will not so quickly become a favorite.

Besides these new inventions an improved typewriter has just been put out. Earlier manufactured typewriters for the blind used a roller. The drawback of this was that in writing Braille, if a mistake was made, it could not be corrected unless discovered at the moment of making, because rolling back the roller flattened out the dots, thus spoiling the entire line or lines. Braille requires much more space than ordinary typing, so it was important to use both sides of the paper. The old machines printed

only on one side, the latest one prints both sides. Instead of a roller, a frame is attached at right angles to the keyboard consisting of two metal bars with guiding spaces. The keys pass over the frame. When the page is filled the frame is turned over and writing can be done on the other side between the lines of the other side. This is possible by reason of the spacing device. Another improvement is that the motive power to move the keys is supplied by a heavy pendulum working on a strong cord which can never go out of order. This has been found to be an improvement on the spring in previous machines for the blind which occasionally went out of order, the springs in these machines being different from an ordinary typewriter, due to the wide difference in construction.

The third of the new inventions is a radio set which the blind can set up for themselves at small cost. This invention was made possible by co-operation between French radio corporations and the American Braille Press. The companies supplied a skeleton frame, in which the dials have raised letters. The conveying of the information was the difficult problem which the Braille Press overcame. Naturally, the instructions had to be more than just printed directions. So after much experimenting a whole complete diagram was worked out in relief. This could be followed by a blind person desirous of making his own set. With the diagram went also the regular full written instructions. The photograph gives a complete idea of how the diagrams have been worked out in Braille to aid the blind in wiring the frame and setting screws, etc. The frame shown in the picture has been wired by aid of the diagram.

The latest improvement to be installed at the Braille Press is a "roto Braille Press." In the old-fashioned one, the zinc plates were placed flat in an upright position. The paper before being printed had to be damped by hand to get the best impression. And this machine could only produce 4,000 pages an hour. In the new press the plate is placed upon a roller. Each turn of the roller works automatically with a cutter, which drops the finished page upon a holding table. The new press has an output of 12,000 pages an hour, and the paper is now

(Continued on page 512)

The Peaked Cap

EDITH M. ALMEDINGEN

NOT merely a headgear this, but a symbol, a threat, a reminder: Walk into any room, marked 'private' in any Soviet institution and the man in a peaked cap, rather pointedly making no movement to rise, will listen to whatever you have to say and handle your business in whatever manner he thinks fit. And, even whilst speaking to him, you will stand there, grimly aware of the peaked cap. When you leave the room, you may not always remember the man's face, but the peaked cap will invariably stand out, a dark unforgettable detail. So that you might say to yourself, "If I had dared as much as begin to disagree with his verdict, he would have—quickly enough—justified the peaked cap." And your line of secret thoughts follows on to summary arrests, to judgments cursorily muttered within the grey stillness of underground rooms, to the swiftly ruthless sentences and the grim walls of execution sheds, so that you know you are glad you did not disagree, and, passing through the serried ranks of lesser peaked caps, they jealously guarding the doors of the building, passing by the green-grey array of machine guns, stood there in deadly readiness, you feel glad to be out in the open and are dimly thankful for the air in your face and the skies above your head, though, even there, quite occasionally, the shape of a cloud might suggest a peaked cap to you, and, almost involuntarily, you shiver.

The peaked cap is a symbol. The man, who wears it both in and out of doors, need not necessarily be a soldier by training, but war is his vocation rather than profession. For that matter, Trotzky himself was no soldier, though his hands, as well as his brains called the Red Army into its present life, and his photograph shewing the peaked cap, is self-explicable. War is the interpretation of the peaked cap, any manner of warfare at that, war against famine and capitalistic industry, war against peasantry and the piteous life-tired remnants or the ancient-bureaucracy war against capitalism as such and any individually expressed enterprise in any field whatsoever. In fine, war against all

and any protestants in the Soviet cause, be they at home or abroad. And the man, who wears it, will not genuinely traffic with peace, though its terms may occasionally hang loosely on his lips, the while his khaki-hued mind runs on poison gas, barrage, machine guns and the future possibilities of air warfare. Again he need hardly be a soldier to think these thoughts, for the technical framing of any warfare is an ABC, indispensable to any responsible worker in the U. S. S. R.

And the peaked cap is a threat. In the subtlest way imaginable it runs counter to any unmilitant sentences its wearer may bring out. If you go to interview a commissar, concerned with transport matters, he may talk to you lengthily on the general conditions of railroad, the available train average and such like. But the peaked cap points to gun-guarded coaches, to a machine gun secreted in among the necessary appointments of the engine, to the loaded colts, thrust into the belts of the driver and his mate. He may talk to you about trains, carrying the land produce from the South, but your minds hold a different picture, so that you see armed troops entraining and detraining. The peaked cap is even more than a threat in the detached sense of the latter. The peaked cap disclaims the pacifist element in all and any concerns of Russian public life, be they agricultural or civic or industrial.

"We are now trying to collect the grain surplus from the Volga area"—says the Commisar and the peaked cap quickly supplements:

"Yes, we are, and if our efforts should end in an apparent fiasco, we'll start the usual game. We must have the grain surplus whether the peasants are willing to part with it or not. And we'll get it. There are enough cartridges in our guns and our munition stores are more plentiful than any outsider knows. We are prepared to use the gun persuasion up to any limit."

And the peaked cap goes on threatening and you know its threats have a terrible weighty substance to them.

A Special Apostolic Blessing

At the solicitation of the Right Reverend Abbot Primate of the Benedictine Order, who resides at Rome, the Holy Father most graciously grants A SPECIAL APOSTOLIC BLESSING to all the *Benefactors* and *Patrons* who help us to erect a new Minor Seminary at St. Meinrad, Indiana.

A Work that Pays Eternal Dividends

Do you wish to share in this Blessing and leave behind you at death a perpetual memorial that will continue to carry on the work of God here below? If so, why not let your memorial consist in taking a substantial part in the erection of the new *St. Meinrad Minor Seminary*, which is destined to be the faithful mother of an uninterrupted generation of priests to labor for the salvation of immortal souls?

The Seminary a Lasting Benefit

Because of your generosity many souls will owe you, next to God, their eternal salvation. What greater monument can you desire? This is a good beyond all estimation and one that will bring you far greater satisfaction in eternity than would a mere marble shaft or other elaborate memorial in some public square.

To What Extent are You Interested?

The St. Meinrad Minor Seminary, which will contain approximately 1,500,000 cubic feet, will cost forty cents a cubic foot. How many cubic feet are you willing to contribute? Should you prefer to pay for one of the classrooms, a study hall, the kitchen, dining room, or some other room instead, a bronze tablet bearing your name will be placed therein to commemorate the deed and to give public testimony to your generosity—but greater than this will be the eternal reward laid up for you on high.—Your help, which is needed now, will be greatly appreciated.

Send all contributions to

The Right Reverend Ignatius Eßer, O. S. B.

St. Meinrad Abbey

St. Meinrad, Indiana



His Holiness Pope Pius XI

Or again, you go interviewing the suave and oily-mouthed Commissar of some big state trust or other, and, perhaps, if you happen to be a sheer outsider, you will indeed be misled by his gently honeyed words:

"Isn't it terrible?"—he starts telling you about some miners in England or some factory hands in the States, suffering from the dire consequences of an illegal strike,—"Is it not terrible?"—his hands gesture in apparently sincere sympathy,—"Why, their families are faced with absolute starvation. Of course, it is up to us to help them. Our own workers are ready and more than ready—to stretch forth a helping hand. You have no idea what a big amount we have already got all through utterly voluntary subscriptions."

His ready tongue runs on! More oil and sweet honey! You listen, but the peaked cap bobs up and down, darkly triumphant. And the peaked cap shouts the truth at you!"

"Quite right, we have got a huge amount to send to South Wales and to the States! We wanted to get it and we got it! And shall I tell you how we did it?"

So you see the crowded yard of some big factory! It is pay day. Scores of underfed, tattered men at the gates! Small and irregular as their wages are, yet it is the pay day and their thin grimy faces seem a little less shadowy than they usually are. But the cashier comes out and his voice rings out like a knell. "Twenty per cent to be taken off wages in aid of the suffering miners abroad by order of the executive Soviet Council." The men's faces grow deeply shadowed. Here and there an occasional murmur is heard, but always as studiously muttered aside. If a hundred per cent of their miserable wages were taken off, there would be no collective protest. How dare they rebel with two machine guns stood behind the cashier's table and a serried rank of lesser peaked caps closely observing their behavior? How dare they rebel when rebellion means a spontaneous and grim order from that dapper officer in a peaked cap? Such things had happened before and they may quite easily happen again. The men advance and accept their shamelessly lessened wages. Their wives might have something to say when they bring home the thinned wads of notes. Again they might

not, for the peaked cap stands for grimly ubiquitous spying as well as for war.

But, whatever else it is, the peaked cap may be absolved from all hypocrisy, whilst its wearers may not. So you go to talk with a commissar about foreign politics and he will respond by talking reams of sheer pacifism. World disarmament is so much to his liking and wars among civilized nations should be abandoned once and for all for the sake of further developments of civilization.

"We have honestly done our utmost to prevent all military friction in China"—he says, his fingers toying with an innocent paper knife (he is so seated that you may not see the colt stuck into his belt), "but we were literally pushed into it! Believe me, all the stuff printed out West about our military activities is so much shallow slander. There is nothing we desire more than peaceful intercourse with the world. We are tired of being told, that, for some obscure reason or other, the U. S. S. R. is unfit to be admitted into the comity of nations. This is simply monstrous. So far we have not had a single chance of getting our equity proven. We have had trouble pushed in our way from every conceivable quarter."

But the peaked cap bobs knowingly. Its malice shouts at you:

"Go on swallowing this kind of talk. But the man wears me as a continual reminder that he may but talk in this manner, yet never act likewise. Peace! Ah—the men who wear me will carry the war of Revolution throughout the world. I will have no traffic with peace. I may be made of Khaki felt, but my spirit is that of an iron helmet.... Peace?!" We wanted to stir trouble in China and we began war there. The unrest on the North-Indian frontier pleases us mightily, and, of course, we gladly added our own secret share to it. We gave our blessing to Ghandi, as we would to every honest mutineer. We made Mexico our own business. We paint rebellion in such desirable colors that few and far between are the places in the world where our gospel has not yet penetrated. War! War! And more war! Disarmament! Bah! What a thin nursery tale! Look at the mightiness of our air force! Look at our munition centres! Look at the strength of our army! Let the capitalism-ridden West blab

about disarmament as much as they like. We will gladly join in their pacifist-hysteria, but, meantime, we shall go on preparing. It must be war until we have won the entire world to the cause of the Revolution and if it refuses to be won, we shall force it to it! So much for peace!" —

Yes, the peaked cap is a reminder.

You leave the honey-mouthed Commissar without once contradicting him. It is wiser not to. And out in the ill-paved, all but deserted streets, graphic little scenes, witnessed at no lengthy intervals, go still further to prove the supremacy of the peaked cap. It rules supreme and ubiquitous, throughout the official Soviet buildings. But outside its khaki-tinted sovereignty is limned even more sharply. The Free Trade is permitted always within ambiguously defined limits. Shops are not, except for the lucky few, their status best expressed by their Communist Party membership cards. But here and there you may come across the pitiful parody of a free market, old men and women, who had never known youth, huddled together in furtive groups, their pathetic wares, salvaged out of their homes, spread on the pavement at their miserably shod feet. You may glimpse a rare old crucifix, some tattered bedding, a pair of worn black kid gloves, a tea urn or an empty picture frame. The few bargains are made in furtive haste and the vendors' voices are dropped to a studiedly low key. The officially worded law says that they may ply their trade without let or hindrance, but they are aware that there exists another law beyond the printed word of the decree-avalanche and the watch-word of this other law is reckless marauding. So just you watch those street sellers until the grimly whispered warning runs through their cowed ranks. "Militia are coming! Militia are coming!" But the warning comes too late to be of use. Even while their thin hands are trembling in the effort of gathering their pitiful goods into untidy bundles, the peaked caps are upon them. Their leader may have an officially drafted sanction or again he may not, and there is no one to question his right. The peaked cap, bobbing above the half-raised bayonet, is the sign-potent of authority to which none may dare to show resistance. The peaked caps are among the crowd and the crowd is scattered

amidst smothered shrieks of well-nigh frenzied panic. "Chaotic" would be too mild a word to give justice to the scene! Here a peaked cap may wrench a shabby shawl out of a trembling hand and kick its grey-haired owner into the mud. There, yet another peaked cap pounces upon a cheap garnet trinket and gleefully challenges the girl, who had brought it to the market as to her official right to possess "expensive jewellery." Dust hangs in the air! There is mud kicked about in heavy brown lumps.... Hobnailed boots trample down an improvised stall or two... Upraised bayonets gleam sharply in the sun.... Shrieks and oaths and fiendishly coarse laughter, as the peaked caps retreat from the harried and looted market place! An old man is weeping, his face turned to a dirty wall, but his loud sobs are all too soon drowned in an obscene song, started by the victoriously retreated peaked caps. Just a little street scene grown so terribly common.

Or again, slip into a furtively darkened church situate in some dismal slum of Petrograd or Moscow, a church, for some reason or other left miraculously intact up to now.... Nobody conjectures about the future, a chasm of direct darkest uncertainties for any one living in the U. S. S. R. It is Saturday evening and the congregation stand, their minds rather unequally divided between prayer and the grey dread of a very possible risk. And there comes the ominously familiar clang-clang of gun barrels against the door and the congregation are frozen into the very rigidity of despair. The doors are flung open. The peaked caps throw their grotesquely elongated shadows on the palely lit walls.... Another scene of bitter confusion until, drunken, with savage triumph, the

(Continued on page 509)

Hope

JOSEPH RUSSELL

A beacon on a darkened shore,
A rose in a barren land,
A haven where forever more
A friend waits our command.

A time of peace amid the strife,
A rift through darkest cloud,
A silver song to soothe a life,
A gift by Him endowed.

Thirty-nine Newly Beatified Martyrs

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

7. CONVERTS

DURING the period of the penal times in England there was no special attraction for Protestants to join the Catholic Church. Holy Mass had to be celebrated secretly and without the full and solemn ceremonial; the priests were hunted and had to keep their abodes a strict secret, except to reliable Catholics; the faithful were kept out of public life, and also kept themselves away from social functions. Above all, reconciliation with the true Church was legally styled apostasy and high treason, and exposed both the convert and all those who took any share in it to the terrible penalty of being hanged, cut down, mutilated, and disembowelled whilst still alive. It required a deep conviction and heroic courage to think of becoming a Catholic under those conditions; and yet we know a number of converts, who braved the danger and paid the full price for the precious pearl when they had found it.

BLESSED JOHN FINCH sprang from a respectable family in Eccleston, Lancashire. He had been married several years when he became disgusted with the new religion. After a long and careful examination, he was reconciled to the Church. He became a most zealous convert, who tried first of all to sanctify himself; but he also endeavored to work for the salvation and conversion of Protestants, and for the sanctification and edification of Catholics. He was ever ready to assist the priests, as host, sacristan, altar server and catechist. Through the treachery of a bad Catholic his conversion and his activity became known to the authorities, and he was arrested.

He spent several years in prison, and no attempt to make him again a Protestant was left untried. At first they applied persuasions and promises; then followed threats; and when these did not avail, they resorted to cruelty. As he would not attend the Protestant services, they dragged him to the Church through the streets of the town, so that his head, con-

stantly beating the stones, was grievously bruised and wounded. After this they thrust him into a dark and stinking prison, where he had no other bed than the hard and wet stone, and no other food than small portions of ox liver. Here he was kept sometimes for weeks, sometimes for months without a change. To these tortures his keepers added cruelties of their own choice and invention.

At last he was dragged to Lancaster, and there condemned to the death of traitors, because he had maliciously and deliberately maintained that the Pope had power or jurisdiction in the kingdom of England, and that he is the head of the Catholic Church, of which Church some part is in this kingdom. He accepted the sentence with joy, having for a long time desired to suffer death for the Catholic cause. After the cruel butchery on April 20th, 1584, his quarters were set on poles in four of the chief towns in the county.

BLESSED RALPH MILNER was a husbandman and the father of a large family, which he supported by his labors. He was unable to read or write; but comparing the lives of Catholics he knew, with those of his Protestant neighbors and clergymen, he found that the latter went the easy and comfortable way, whereas the others kept to the steep and narrow path of prayer, fasting, and suffering persecution; and he concluded that they were on the right road to heaven. He became a Catholic; but already on the day of his first Communion he was apprehended and thrown into prison at Winchester. There he was kept several years; but through his good conduct he gained the confidence of the gaoler, who sent him out on errands and also entrusted him with the keys of the prison. He used this opportunity in order to introduce priests to the Catholic prisoners, and was even able to guide newly arrived priests, and to introduce them to reliable Catholics. At last he was arrested in the company of a priest, the Blessed Roger Dickinson, and both were transported to London, where they had to suffer much.

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For his trial Milner was sent back to Winchester, where he was found guilty of treason, having been reconciled to the Church of Rome. The judge made several attempts to persuade him to go to Church, so that he might escape an ignominious death, and save his life and good name for his family. He answered: "Would your Lordship advise me, for the perishable trifles of this world, or for a wife and children, to lose my God? I cannot approve or embrace a counsel so disagreeable to the maxims of the Gospel."

On the day of his execution, at the very foot of the gallows, another attempt was made to make him yield, by bringing thither his wife and seven children, so that he might have pity on them. But he blessed them and declared that he could wish them no greater happiness than that of dying also for the faith. He met his death with constancy and cheerfulness at Winchester on July 7th, 1591.

Not quite two years later, another convert, aged only nineteen years, suffered martyrdom at Winchester. This was the Blessed John Bird, by birth a gentleman. He had been brought up in the Protestant religion; but though still in his teens, he was convinced of the truth of the Catholic religion and was received into the Church. In order to enter deeper into the Catholic spirit he went to the English College, then at Rheims. At his return he showed great zeal for the Catholic religion, which led to his arrest and accusation for treason, having been reconciled to the Church of Rome, and having stated that, under Christ, the Pope was the head of the whole Church. As he did not deny the charges, he was sentenced to death for high treason; yet life and liberty were promised him, if he would attend the Protestant service. He declared he would rather die the cruel death than go against his conscience. When his father solicited him to save his life by complying, he replied modestly that, as he had always been obedient to him, so he would willingly obey him also in this case, if he could do so without offending God. After a long imprisonment the sentence was at last carried out with all cruelty on March 25th, 1593; and his head was exposed on a pole over one of the city gates. One day when his father passed by and looked up, it seemed as if

the head was bowing down out of reverence for him, whereupon he exclaimed: "Ah, my son Jemmy, who not only living wast ever obedient and dutiful, but now also, when dead, payest reverence to thy father! How far from thy heart was all affection and will for treason, and any other wickedness!"

Let us ask ourselves, whether our own life is calculated to persuade outsiders of the excellency and Divine truth of our holy religion.

THE END

The Peaked Cap

(Continued from page 507)

peaked caps retreat, leaving behind them the broken wall of the Sanctuary, the looted altar, and a congregation terrorized into silence.

So any observer in Russia will come across the peaked cap wherever he may be: in the gun-guarded precincts of commissariats, in the church, the co-operative store, the street, and the garden. The peaked cap is ubiquitous. A Commissar, keenly aware of his practically unlimited importance, wears it and the most obscure private in the Red Army ranks wears it, too. The peaked cap is the one and only link of equality alleged to exist between the two.

A symbol of untiring warfare—"no quarter to the enemies of the Revolution!" A threat, smothering by its very shape, so sinister and so unique, any attempt to shape the mere embryo of an effective rebellion. A reminder that the hammer and sickle Government have pledged themselves to have no traffic with such a futile and effete commodity as peace, have girt their loins for a world-scaled warfare.

The World has Need . . .

FRANCES HALL

The world has need of winter's tranquil snow,
Soft-clasping as a pale nun's praying hands;
When autumn's scarlet passions cease to glow
In sterile splendor through the satiate lands,
It lies in gentle, consecrating bands
Across the earth's tired forehead, ugly-seamed,
Until her weary, ageing heart expands
With virgin yearnings that her childhood dreamed.
The summer's pagan chorus, many-streamed,
With subtle, sensuous whisperings is done;
And life, that with the harvest lustful gleamed,
Has turned to candle light and orison.
Snow is a cloister, calm and sheltering,
Where earth communes alone before the spring.

Spiritual Conferences for College Men

BURTON CONFREY

(Continued)

AS the first way of practising the presence of God Father Donahue cited the use of the imagination. We strive to become living copies of Jesus Christ. "The perfection which I am to acquire is the perfection of my Heavenly Father." And to make this imitation tangible we imagine the God-man as He lived on earth, meeting the problems we meet, surrounded by sin and all that He was not. Out of this contemplation burgeons our adoration, praise, gratitude, sorrow, love, oblation, petition, compassion, joy, and so forth. Thomas a Kempis suggests this method of developing our love of Christ, of never suffering His image to fade from the imagination. By this means we direct all our actions to Him, refer to Him whatever we think or do, in all things seek to do His will.

The papers which follow show how sensitively students react to this idea. (See also "Why Does Youth Yearn?" in the *Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament*, November, 1927.)

I have always seen Christ a man of about thirty years, with something about His face beyond my power of expression. The nearest description would be to say that it is a face of infinite kindness and pathos. There is something there that compels me to fly to God with my troubles to seek needed advice and strength. The mouth turns up slightly with a kind smile, and the long slender nose is well proportioned; but the most wonderful and realistic part of the face in my imagination is the eyes. At times they have looked into my very soul and caused me to hang my head in shame for the sins I have committed against my Lord and my God. Again, those eyes have looked on while I battled temptation and have cheered and encouraged me to fight on and not give up the warfare for Him Who did not fear to give all for me.

In my imagination the body of Christ is vague, for I see only the face; however, as nearly as I can describe the body, it is physically perfect. The shoulders and trunk are well developed, although the body has not an athletic appearance. The

height is between five and six feet; the feet and hands are long, slender, and shapely—the only marks on them being the nail points. This is the picture of Christ for me.

To present the image that signifies Christ for me, I will describe a scene in Jerusalem.

Before us, winding its way into the city, is a stone road. Walls of stone rise on both sides of the street. Here and there above the walls, a palm tree nods. Two children, playing by the roadside, are the only persons on the street. A low murmur comes to our ears; and, as we glance in the direction of the sound, we notice a large crowd turning into the road. This is not the riotous mob that put our Lord to death but one attracted by curiosity.

As the crowd nears, we are able to pick out one Man. He is in the lead, and He seems to be the cause of the large number of people following this seldom-traveled road. This man is of medium height. His features are not beautiful but of rather common form. As he draws nearer, we notice his eyes. They are of dark brown color and seem to hold the mellow light of the greatest of all loves—eyes that are comforting and kind. His hair is dark, probably black; and his beard is of the same color. He is clothed in a plain, light garment, girdled about the waist with the same cloth. Upon His feet are sandals.

This Image of mine walks with the same even step as if giving His blessing to all that come within the view of those deep brown eyes. He does not seem to notice the large crowd following Him. He is not disturbed by the many glances turned in His direction; the cutting remarks thrown by a few more dignified looking men do not seem to disturb Him. When He speaks to those nearest Him, His voice seems to fit His person. It is a soothing, kind tone that fits His eyes and manner. The crowd slowly passes and the murmuring gently dies away.

Such is the image of Christ that is most often formed in my mind.

Students meet the questing spirit in such books as Benson's *None Other Gods*, Van

Dyke's *The Blue Flower*, Wilkie's *St. Brendan the Voyager and His Mystic Quest*. This craving appears often also in tainted modern novels; and although it is poorly put, intuitively youth recognizes its presence, and its kindred appeal makes him like the book without being able to tell why. Kipling's *Brushwood Boy*, Black's *The Great Desire*, and Bojer's *The Great Hunger* treat the theme; but only in such works as Michael William's *High Romance*, Ronald Knox's *Spiritual Aeneid*, and Francis Thompson's *Hound of Heaven* and the numerous excellent Catholic biographies we have at our command has the search been rewarded triumphantly. The writer of the next paper has not been so fortunate as the last three authors named.

Alone in my room, I cast everything from my mind and begin to say a few short prayers at bedtime. There in my meditation, Christ appears. His garments are like snow, and his face shines as the sun. Through this brightness I can see that sacred face of compassion and love, a love that is incomprehensible. His presence inspires me with a sentiment of reverence and adoration. His arms are outstretched to receive me and to forgive me my ingratitude. He is merciful, with a mercy that is infinite.

As I kneel there in silence speaking to Him, He appears to come towards me; and I see the marks of the nails in those sacred hands and feet. The marks of suffering that His merciless executioners inflicted! How can I repay Him for all that He has done for me? I resolve never to offend Him again, and to receive my crosses with patience and gratitude.

After my little meditation is over, I try to picture Christ in other ways. I do not seem to have a clear picture of Him as a child, or as a little boy. Neither do I see Him a young man about the streets of Jerusalem, preaching to the multitudes. The picture of the Crucifixion inspires me, and fills me with sorrow, but this, too, fades away. The most vivid picture is that of mercy and love. That is how I picture Christ.

A different type of mind pictures: "How God was Comforted on Calvary":

Can you picture our dear Lord hanging upon the cross during those three hours of agony? What suffering He must have endured. His heart was always merciful and

kind to all who approached Him while He labored among men. Yet, only Mary, His Mother, Magdalene, and St. John were there, beneath the cross, to suffer with Him. His heart, being human as well as divine, must have been lonely and sad. Surely there were some souls who offered consolation to Him.

He is God; hence let us look, as He must have looked, far into the future, and see the faithful ones who offered Him their love and appreciation for those hours of suffering He endured stretched upon the cross.

We see souls who are faithfully combatting temptation, because they carry the picture of Calvary always with them. We see others who disregard the taunts of their fellow men, and keep their hearts closely united to His in Holy Communion. Then, we find those who spare themselves nothing in their search and labor of leading souls back to God. Big, generous hearts are these. They are so filled with the desire of making young hearts love God that many times we find them sacrificing every pleasure, even their night's rest, in order to make time to encourage some heart, burdened with sin, to go back to God by making a good confession. Such souls must be very dear to His Heart, and they must have given Him great solace during the hours of agony.

He knew there would be souls who would be taught to hate Him and yet who would become His dearest friends once they learned Calvary's lesson of love.

Could you imagine anyone offending Him while he looked into those eyes blinded by pain? But some of those whom He had chosen as His special friends deserted Him in His hour of need.

Is it possible that we could be one of those souls who made Jesus happy to endure His pains? Yes, if we live every day free from mortal sin, if we bring Him into our hearts each morning, and if we strive to do some little act of kindness during the day for love of Him. These acts must make us one of them; for His act was an act of love, and He desires only our love in return as a proof of our gratitude.

(To be continued)

The Lake

JOHN M. COONEY

Though never may I mount, as thou the space
That holds me, man, from Heaven aye apart,
Still may I endless gaze upon its face
And hold its boundless beauty in my heart.

Religion Still Remains the Most Helpful Moral Force for the Individual and Society

REV. ALBERT MUNTSCH, S. J.

DESPITE the many onslaughts on revealed religion by half-baked scientists and shallow writers, serious thinkers must admit that it is the most inspiring and helpful of all social forces. Nothing,—neither art, literature, philosophy, material success, organized welfare work or a strong state, can ever achieve the mighty results that are daily wrought by religious forces. It is well to recall this when the strident voices of the enemies of Faith are heard everywhere and when so many channels are conveying the teachings of infidelity and materialism.

Some standard works on the science of religion have been written by American scholars during the last two decades, and all of them end with a note of optimism—religion has nothing to fear and man will never throw aside the wonderful benefits that come only from religious belief.

Thus the late professor, C. H. Toy, of Harvard concludes a book on "Introduction to the History of Religions" by referring to the ethical optimism of the higher religions and says: "This optimism is ethically useful as giving cheerfulness and enthusiasm to moral life, with power of enduring ills through the conviction of the ultimate triumph of the right" (Page 583).

Again, Dr. Lowie of the University of California, thinks it is well to have rigid, scientific investigation of the nature of religions, but that these researches do not encompass the whole truth on this vital subject. He writes: "Let those whose Divine lies in the pursuit of demonstrable truth pursue their way unhindered by external obstacles, but let them not foist on others an attitude peculiar to themselves." (Page 330 of *Primitive Religion*).

Finally, Professor Hopkins of Yale, (*Origin and Evolution of Religion*), defends in the last chapter of this book the reality of religion as a faith in a supreme, spiritual force which penetrates and rules the entire universe. After quoting Lord Kelvin's words: "If you think

strongly enough, you will be forced by science to the belief in God," he continues: "It is interesting to see that science is gradually becoming weaned from materialism. The real and the ideal are no longer opposed; perhaps the only real is the ideal." (Page 356.)

Is it better to subscribe to the opinion of these men of science, or to listen to the wild rantings of the infidel who is blind to those things that show God's existence and power? The agnostic has not yet succeeded, and never will succeed in replacing the dynamic forces supplied only by religion and faith with a system which will yield equal moral strength and benefits to the individual and society.

Unique Inventions to Aid the Blind

(Continued from page 502)

heated by electricity which procures the same effect, or rather, a better effect, than that formerly procured by dampening the paper by hand, which also does away with all the former hand labor and consequent loss of time.

It is, indeed, a far, far cry from that day in 1771 when Valentine Hauy made a vow to teach the blind to read. And in the last ten years most of the advances to help the blind have been made. Now with the best books printed in various languages, (and other languages will soon be added), now with weekly and monthly magazines and music, now with cross-word puzzles, and mathematical boards, and radio sets that can be made at home, the lot of the blind is made a thousand times lighter than in olden days when their only means of gaining a living was by begging, and they had no means of entertainment.

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As a shaft of sunlight reveals the invisible dust particles in the air we breathe, so a diligent examination of conscience brings to light the little hidden sins in the life we live.

Misc

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Notes of Interest

Miscellaneous

—Ten tons of Catholic Literature was distributed by the Knights of Columbus Literature Distribution Bureau at Los Angeles in the course of the past year. Of this amount 2355 pounds were sent to the chaplain of Folsom Prison and 2340 pounds to the chaplain of San Quentin. Good literature is one of the crying needs in our prisons.

—There were 75,852 Holy Communions in the Vicariate of Hanyang, China, in the past year. In the same territory, 3,720 Catechumens are preparing for baptism. Last year there were 980 baptisms, 44,830 confessions, and 298 persons provided with extreme unction. These figures, far above an average year, were reported by Bishop Edward J. Galvin. Conversions to the Faith in China during the past year were about 50,000 according to Archbishop Constantini, Apostolic Delegate to China.

—The first woman in the Philippine Islands to receive premier honors in the annual bar examinations of Manila is Miss Te la San Andres, a Catholic and a graduate of the University of the Philippines. She ascribes her success to prayer.

—When robbers broke into the church of St. Michael at Ft. Loramie, Ohio, stealing the tabernacle with its Ciborium and about 200 consecrated Hosts, there was great consternation. But when, upon searching the surrounding country, two children discovered the stolen treasure, it was returned to the church amidst great rejoicings. The congregation was assembled for a service of reparation when the Blessed Sacrament was returned and all joined in a mighty "Te Deum."

—Rev. Elbert W. Whippen resigned as pastor of Christ Universalist Church at Middletown, N. Y., to join the Catholic Church and is now preparing to become a priest.

—Mrs. Henrietta C. Marshall, a devout colored Catholic woman of Portland, Oregon, was wonderfully cured of a fibroid tumor during the course of a novena in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help. The doctors pronounce the cure "remarkable."

—A score of scholars joined in the preparation of the recent encyclical of Pope Pius XI on Marriage. Two solid months of study were necessary before the 16,000 words were ready for the world. Translations were made simultaneously with the Latin original, in the English, Italian, French, German, and Spanish languages. Through the efforts of the N. C. W. C. News Service the encyclical was cabled in its entirety to the United States, the service being jointly paid for by the secular and the religious press.

—Rev. Cornelius Tierney, aged 55, a member of the Chinese Mission Society of St. Columban with headquarters at St. Columbans, Nebraska, is reported to be seriously ill from brutal treatment received at the

hands of the Reds in China. He is still held a prisoner in Nan Feng.

—The celebrated Trappist Abbey of Igny near Rheims, founded by St. Bernard in 1137, which was entirely destroyed during the World War, has been rebuilt and is now occupied by Cistercian Trappist nuns, whose office it is to pray for the war dead, tens of thousands of whom are buried on this mountain near Rheims.

—The total number of hours of adoration spent by members of the People's Eucharistic League—or the Guard of Honor of the Blessed Sacrament—in the church of St. Jean Baptiste, New York, from January 6, 1930, to January 6, 1931, was 34,553. The Eucharistic Fraternity has 565 local centers in the United States alone. All members spend at least one hour a week in adoration. There are ten centers of the Society of Nocturnal Adoration, members of which spend one night hour each month in adoration. Only men belong to the latter society.

—12,075 conversions in England in 1930! Actual records reveal these numbers. Among the nobility we note the conversion of Viscount Uffington, heir of the Earl of Craven, and his mother, the Countess of Craven.

—The title "Excellency" has been officially conferred upon archbishops and bishops, both resident and titular, as well as upon various members of the ecclesiastical congregations in Rome. The Congregation of Ceremonies conferred the title to increase the prestige of these offices.

—John J. Murphy, Mayor of Somerville, Mass., is endeavoring to erect the world's highest tower—1500 feet—on the site atop Mt. Benedict, where once stood the Ursuline Convent burned by fanatics on August 11, 1834. The tower, according to Mayor Murphy's plans, would be used for broadcast purposes, and would be known as "The Voice of Tolerance." The lower structure of the monument would contain three chapels, one for the use of Protestants, one for those of Jewish belief, and a third for Catholics. From these chapels each could broadcast its services. The tower would cost \$1,000,000 and would be paid for by popular subscription throughout the world.

—The latest projects of the Catholic press in South China include the opening of a Catholic publishing house, the publication of a Messenger of the Sacred Heart in English, and the founding of a Catholic daily at Hongkong. A Chinese monthly, founded by Father Granelli, now has a circulation of 10,000.

—The unemployed in Germany on December fifteenth, numbered 3,997,000, an increase of 278,000 over the number on November thirtieth.

—The lately crowned Emperor of Ethiopia, in recognition of the gifts sent to him by Pope Pius, has conferred the Grand Cross of the Order of Menelik upon

Mgr. Jarosseau, Vicar Apostolic of Galla in Africa, and the decoration "Commander of the Star of Ethiopia" upon the Capuchin Father Seraphim.

—Father Emil Licent, S. J., who has been travelling for sixteen years in Northern China and Mongolia, recently addressed the Japanese scholars in archeology in the cities of Kyoto and Tokyo. Father Licent is an authority on archeology and as such was invited by Marquis Hosokawa, President of the Far Eastern Archeological Society, to lecture to the scholars. During his extensive travels, Father Licent has discovered more than seventy places of neolithic habitations. His most important find was made in 1920 in North Kansu, where he discovered the remains of paleolithic man in the Far East, his being the first discovery of such remains in that part of the world. This find was the topic of his lecture at the Kyoto Imperial University. In 1922 Father Licent established a museum at the Catholic University of Tientsin, China, where he might properly arrange and exhibit his numerous finds. It is one of the best known museums in the Orient and has been honored, during its eight years of existence, with the visits of seventy Japanese experts.

—A statement made by Achmed Zaki Pasha in an address at Cairo, Egypt, before 2,000 persons, is the cause of a scientific mission to America by the Moslems, to see if, as the Egyptian historian asserts, Arabs and not Columbus discovered America. The existence of Moslem tribes in the Brazilian states and Mexico is the basis of the statement.

—Radio can reproduce only the present. The earth can speak words centuries old. Mr. C. Leonard, director of a joint expedition of the University of Pennsylvania and the British Museum, reports interesting discoveries at Ur of the Chaldees. It is reported that the palace of Princess Bel Shalti Nanna, believed to have been the sister of King Balthazar of Babylon, whose feast was interrupted by the mysterious writing on the wall, has been found. The account confirms the historical accuracy of the story of King Balthazar as given in the Book of Daniel. The taking of Jerusalem by Nabuchodonosor has also been given support.

—Another instance is the Latin record and its Greek translation, cut into the walls of the single remaining temple of the Emperor Augustus in Angora, Turkey, of the census taken at the time of Christ's birth as narrated by St. Luke in his Gospel. Since no other historical account was ever found, St. Luke's word was, in some quarters, regarded as rather unfounded. After twenty centuries the great Augustus comes forward to substantiate the biblical account. The inscription is taken from an autobiography of Augustus, this particular passage being engraved, after his death, upon bronze tablets and placed on his mausoleum, and later, by the Roman senate's command, cut into the walls of every temple of Augustus throughout the empire. "Three times," it states, "I held a *lectio senatus*." The first date is given as that which in our computation would be 28 B. C. "The second in the consulship of C. Censorinus and C. Asinius." (8 B. C.) This was

the census which brought Mary and Joseph to Bethlehem. "The third time in the consulate of Sex. Pompeius and Sex. Appuleius." (14 A. D.)

Benedictine

—Father Alphonsus Buss, O. S. B., has been appointed Prior of Belmont Abbey, North Carolina, by Abbot-Ordinary Vincent Taylor, O. S. B., D. D. The Abbot and the Prior were classmates and were ordained in 1909. Father Alphonsus was for a number of years, master of Novices at Belmont. He is an acknowledged painter of no small repute, and an accomplished musician. A new Subprior was also appointed in the person of Father Nicholas Bliley, O. S. B., J. C. D.

—Archabbot Alfred Koch, O. S. B., president of St. Vincent College and Seminary, has been chosen to work as one of the directors of the Chamber of Commerce, Latrobe, Pa. The board of directors is composed of fifteen business leaders of the community.

—Fifteen priests from ten Vicariates enrolled for the 1930 summer school for the Chinese clergy, at the Catholic University of Peking, China. The faculty consisted of fourteen Chinese professors, and five Benedictines. Orientation lectures in Chinese history, Chinese literature, as well as full courses in education principles, history of Christian education and general sciences were included in the curriculum.

Emulator

EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER

As I walk the way of life,
Valley, plain, and hill,
I am striving to return
Good for ill.

Though the paths that know my feet
Be or bright or dim,
Hearing Christ, I try to be
Just like Him.

Kweery Korner

(Concluded from following page)

fortune to see the shrine of a Saint whose intercession had brought about such a cure.

Who are the Silverless Saints?—St. Louis, Mo.

The editor of this column is both surprised and pleased with your question: surprised because you should ask the question, pleased because you take an interest in them. These Saints, called by the Greek Church "The Anargyroi," and also sometimes in English styled the "Moneyless Saints," were thirteen in number and all believed to be physicians. They gained their title because it is said they never took money for their services in the cause of the sick and ailing. They are: Cosmas, Damian, Cyrus, John, Panteleemon, Hermolaus, Photinus, Anicetus, Sampson, Diomedes, Thallaeus, Typhon, and Pausicacus.

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KWEERY KORNER

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REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate piece of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received. Send questions to **THE GRAIL**, St. Meinrad, Ind.

NOTE: The questioner from Montreal, Canada, should kindly take her case to her pastor or to one of the local priests. The editor of this column will merely mention her that her marriage can be rectified and that very easily, but it would be impossible to give a full answer to all the details of the case in this Question Box.

Who is the Patron Saint of carpenters and of stonemasons?—Indianapolis, Ind.

Carpenters are especially fortunate in having as Patron Saint the spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the great Saint Joseph, whose Feast is celebrated March 19th. Saint Stephen, the first martyr, whose Feast occurs on December 26th, has always been held the Patron Saint of stonemasons.

What are the official titles of the Pope?—Hoboken, N. J.

They are as follows: His Holiness the Pope; Bishop of Rome and Vicar of Jesus Christ; Successor of St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles; Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church; Patriarch of the West; Primate of Italy; Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Roman Province; Sovereign of the Temporal Dominions of the Holy Roman Church, and Sovereign of Vatican City.

What is the name of the Redemptorist priest of New Orleans who is reputed to have been a Saint?—Atlanta, Ga.

You most probably refer to the saintly Father Francis Xavier Seelos, C. SS. R. He was born in Bavaria and labored in the Dioceses of Baltimore and Pittsburgh. At one time he was named for the Bishopric of Pittsburgh, but humbly declined the honor. He was especially devoted to the confessional and it has been said of him that, like the Cure of Ars, he could read the souls of his penitents. He died in 1867 while ministering to the yellow fever patients in New Orleans and has received special recognition from the Holy See for the sanctity of his life. The cause of his canonization is at present under way in the courts of Rome.

What are the offices of Vatican City and who fill them at the present time?—Hoboken, N. J.

The offices of Vatican City and their present incumbents are: Sovereign of the State of Vatican City, Pope Pius XI; Secretary of State, Cardinal Pacelli; Governor, Commendatore Camillo Serafini; Counsellor General, Marquis Francis Pacelli, Secretary General, Commendatore Camillo Becarri; Papal Nuncio to Italy, Monsignor Francisco Borgongini-Duca; Ambassador from Italy to Vatican City, Count Cesare Maria de Vecchi.

Do cripples have a special Saint for invocation in their trouble?—Raleigh, W. Va.

Saint Giles, whose Feast is commemorated on September 1st, has been invoked by cripples ever since the time of his death. Through his intercession many remarkable miracles have been wrought.

How did the various Apostles meet their death?—Cleveland, Ohio.

The Apostle John is the only one who died a natural death. Judas Iscariot, after betraying the Savior, hanged himself. Matthew is supposed to have been slain with a sword in Ethiopia; James, son of Zebedee, was beheaded at Jerusalem; Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded; James was thrown from a pinnacle of the temple and then beaten to death; Peter was crucified head downward by Nero; Paul was beheaded by the same tyrant; Philip was hanged against a pillar at Hieropolis; Simon Zealotes was crucified in Persia; Bartholomew was flayed alive at Albanopolis; Thaddeus was shot to death with arrows; Andrew suffered martyrdom on a cross at Patrae and Thomas was pierced with a lance at Coromandel.

Is there a book about the Civil War in the United States called the "Saints of the Battlefield"?—Chicago, Ill.

You have probably heard of another work. The editor of this column cannot recall a book bearing that title. There is a splendid volume entitled the "Angels of the Battlefield," by George Barton, a very readable work dealing with the labors of our Catholic Sisterhoods during the Civil War. It makes excellent and inspiring reading and is hereby strongly recommended.

Can a sick person who receives Holy Communion at home gain the plenary indulgence attached to the prayer "Look down upon me," etc., or must that prayer be said in Church?—Morton Grove, Ill.

The only condition required for gaining the indulgence in question is that it be recited before an image of the Crucified. Hence it may be gained under the conditions you give.

I heard someone speak the other day of the Saint of the impossible. Who can that be and what is meant by the expression?—Lisle, Ill.

The Apostle Saint Jude, whose memory the church celebrates on October 28th, is called the Saint of the Impossible, because he has been invoked in desperate cases all during the centuries. Through his intercession, as history faithfully records, many favors have been received under apparently impossible conditions.

In a church which I visited in a strange city some time ago I saw a pair of crutches resting near one of the altars. What significance does that have?—Trenton, N. J.

Very frequently it happens in churches that, where a cure has been effected through the invocation of a certain Saint, whose image is found in that church, the one cured, out of gratitude to the Saint and to increase devotion in honor of that Saint, leaves the crutches at the shrine of the Saint as a witness to the miracle. This custom is quite common in countries of Europe and is beginning to find place also in our land. So, your editor takes it that you probably had the good

(Concluded on foregoing page)

March



Our Sioux Indian Missions

Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON



OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., and Rev. Damian Preske, O. S. B. Mail, express, and freight to Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

LENTEN DAYS

Lenten days are also "lengthened days," for the days are growing gradually longer now, with their promise of welcome spring and warm days and no necessity for bundling up in coats and caps and mufflers, and no further worries for the poor Indians of where to obtain the money for fuel. The missions, too, are glad when this worry has been lifted from their shoulders, for it is no small matter to have to order carload after carload of coal to keep a big place warm, not knowing where the money is coming from with which to pay for it.

While the problem of unemployment has touched all of our cities with a harsh finger, this problem has always faced the poor Indians of our reservations, and while the missions have felt the depression in that funds have been coming in very sparsely, yet there are always some faithful souls who regularly remember those who are less fortunate than themselves, and never fail to send a little to the missions. Many send a donation when they are in need or trouble,

The New Chief of the Yankton Sioux

At the close of the Indian congress that was held at Marty, South Dakota, some months ago, the Abbot Coadjutor of St. Meinrad Abbey, the Rt. Rev. Ignatius Eßer, O. S. B., was with due form and ceremony adopted into the Yankton tribe of the Sioux Indians. The magnif-

and desire a favor from our Lord; others send a donation in thanksgiving for every favor received, and again others cannot bear to pass up the missionary's letter of appeal without sending at least some little amount.

It is upon these faithful souls that our missions depend for their very existence — a precarious enough existence, you must admit. Picture yourself waiting for what comes or does not come in the mail for your living! And when there are one or two hundred small mouths waiting to be fed, to say nothing of clothing and shoes to be provided, it is enough to turn any missionary's hair gray. Some kind friends, have made various saints their partners in business, promising a certain percentage of profits to the missions in honor of that saint; and, we are told, this plan seldom fails. St. Anthony and St. Jude and the Little Flower and St. Rita and our Blessed Mother are among the favorites, and they seldom fail to get results.

Now that Lent is here, it is a good time to follow the precept of prayer, fasting, and alms. Of course, we are expected to pray more than usual during this time, whether we want any favors or not, and we ought to go to Mass very, very often during the week—even daily, if possible; and we have our rules for fasting. Prayer and fasting go a far way to atone for sins, but alms go farthest of all. Sometimes when an urgent favor is wanted, and we have exhausted ourselves in prayers and novenas, and there is



WICHANPI IVYAMWICAYA

(The Star that Enlightens the People)

RIGHT REVEREND IGNATIUS ESSER, O. S. B.

icent chieftain's headdress, with its border of eagle feathers, which reaches to the floor, was once the proud possession of Shooting Hawk of the Yankton Sioux. This chief, who was a Catholic, died only a few years ago. In his younger days Shooting Hawk was for a time associated with the famous Jesuit Indian missionary, Father De Smet, in his labors among the Sioux Indians.

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still no answer to our pleadings, an alms to the church, to the poor, to the orphans, or, the missions will turn the trick. For, "charity covereth a multitude of sins."

And, of course, we all give to our parish churches, but there are those, whose very existence depends upon the generosity of Catholics far away in distant states, since they have no manner of earning a livelihood themselves, and that is—the missions. A more worthy charity could never be found, and if some fear to give to organizations, lest half the money be lost in salaries to officials, here is one place where the money goes direct to the spot most needed—our own Indian missions. Every cent received at the missions is used for the purpose for which it is sent—to feed hungry little children, to clothe and house them, and give them the most tender care possible. This is something even their parents, much as they love them, cannot give them. The Indian lives in huts or log cabins or tents, and has but few of the comforts of life—and this in a barren prairie, where the winters are rigorous.

Our missions have felt the bite of hard times deeply; people are not able to send as much as usual, but the expenses go on just the same, and if you cannot send much, send a little each month—even a quarter a month will be appreciated, and if each reader sent that amount, the missions would not have to worry where their next meal is coming from, or who is to pay for the coal.

ST. PAUL'S MISSION

It is a beautiful thing to know that the priests' and Sisters' efforts among the Indians are having a wonderful effect. We are happy to be able to tell our readers that one of our Indian girls, Miss Rose La Plante, has gone to join the Benedictine nuns at Yankton, South Dakota. Miss La Plante attended the mission school here at Marty, and after finishing the eighth grade, went to follow the Bridegroom in the religious life. She is Sister Theressa now, and we remember how Father Sylvester wrote in the "Little Bronzed Angel," his little mission paper, some years back, how one of the Sisters, during class, asked the girls what they intended to be when they grew up. Among the various replies received, Rose La Plante raised her hand and said she was going to be a nun. God had implanted the seed of vocation in her heart even then, and she remained true to this inspiration. May God grant her great happiness in her chosen life!

Father writes that the old press on which the "Little Bronzed Angel" printed, is getting so old that many a time it lies down and tries to quit on him. It was bought second-hand, and new parts are put on every month, as something is always breaking down. But there is no money for a new press, even though the old one creaks and groans and rattles and cries out that it is tired; the little paper must go out each month, and so it is coaxed along and made to work, because it is necessary that it bring its little message to the homes of the friends of the mission, who love to read about all the little daily happenings about the place.

A number of the children help in getting out this little paper; some help the printer, others fold, others

paste on the wrappers, etc. It is one of the most interesting little periodicals printed, and subscription is \$1.00 per year. Those who do not subscribe to it, ought to do so at once, as the subscription helps to swell the fund necessary to defray daily expenses. Just write Father Sylvester and say you want to subscribe to "The Little Bronzed Angel."

ANOTHER LETTER FROM MARTY

Dear Clare Hampton:—

Father Sylvester said you would be glad to get letters from us, and so I am very glad to write to you. I am in the sixth grade and go to school in the afternoon. The seventh and eighth grades go in the morning. I work in the sewing room during the week, and on Saturdays I work in church. On Monday I work in the laundry, where we are kept pretty busy. We iron and starch the Sisters' linens which are part of their habits. After the washing is dried and ironed, we patch the torn things in the sewing room, and get everything ready for the children's bath on Fridays. My home is

(Continued on page 526)



HER LITTLE WAY



PLANS

MARIE M. COONEY

If the earth were just a trinket
And the universe a toy,
I'd want you for my playmate,
You naughty little boy.

We'd tousle up the continents
And ruffle up the sea;
We'd tangle up the little stars,
Just you and me.

We'd jump from earth to planet,
And right on to the moon;
Our path would be a lovely thing
With wild flowers strewn.

We'd have an orchestra of birds
And a swimming pool of dew;
Don't you like the plans, my dear,
That I have made for you?

But the earth is not a trinket,
Nor the universe a toy,
And you are not my playmate,
You naughty little boy!

THE ACCIDENT

Bobby was turning the pages of the Bird Book impatiently looking for something, with his brows puckered up in a most unbecoming frown.

"What is the matter?" queried Betty.

"I saw a new bird in the orchard this morning and I don't know what it is. I thought maybe I could find one like it in this book."

"Was it a robin, Bobby? I saw a robin yesterday, and it makes me so happy, for it is a sure sign of spring when the birds begin to come back." Betty smiled in anticipation of the delightful days in store for her when stormy March had past.

"Oh, robin nothing," retorted Bobby. "Don't I know a robin when I see one. It might have been a bluebird. I could tell, if I could find a picture here."

While they were busy looking, Daddy came in. He seemed worried and anxious.

"What is the matter?" Mother knew at once that something unusual had happened.

"There was an accident down the street. Two cars crashed in a head-on collision. One poor fellow was quite badly hurt. I think he was a Catholic. At least there was a badge of the sacred heart in his pocket. I helped carry him into the hospital and then I ran to

get the priest to administer the sacrament of Extreme Unction. I surely hope he regains consciousness."

"Daddy, what is the need of Extreme Unction? That is, I mean how does it help anyone who is dying?" Betty wished to know.

"Well, I am pretty tired and upset, but if you'll get me my slippers and bring me a drink of fresh water, I'll explain what you wish to know."

The children hastened to do as they were asked and then seated themselves on the rug near Daddy and waited for him to begin.

"Extreme Unction is the sacrament which, through the anointing and prayer of the priest, gives health and strength to the soul, and sometimes to the body when we are in danger of death from sickness," Daddy repeated the catechism definition very slowly.

"The priest prays for the person, then he takes holy oil, dips his thumb into it, and makes the signs of the cross on the person's eyes, ears, nose, and lips, and finally on the hands and feet. This is called anointing.

"While he is anointing the person, he asks God to take away the sins that have been committed by those senses.

"Another purpose of this sacrament is to restore health to the body if it be God's will, and it often happens that sick persons show improvement at once.

"When Holy Communion is given at such a time it is called 'Vaticum' which means food for the Journey. That is a beautiful thought for it means that Our Lord comes in Holy Communion to be our companion on the way to Heaven.

"When the priest comes to the house to administer the Last Sacraments, he should be met at the door by one who carries a lighted candle, and who should then walk ahead of him into the sick room.

"The priest then hears the confession of the sick person, if he is conscious, and gives him Holy Communion. After this he anoints him.

"If the sick person is unconscious, or unable to give any sign of sorrow, the priest will give him conditional absolution and anoint him while he prays for his spiritual and temporal welfare.

"This is the sixth of the sacred signs about which I began telling you some time ago. Do you know how many remain?"

"I know," Bobby shouted. "There is one more. Holy Orders."

"Yes, that is right, and I'll tell you about this beau-

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tiful sacrament at another time. So run away to bed my dears, for Daddy is tired."

THE CHILDREN

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven"
No glory that ever was shed
From the crowning star of the seven
That crown the North world's head.

No word that ever was spoken
Of human or godlike tongue,
Gave ever such godlike token
Since human harps were strung

No sign that ever was given
To faithful or faithless eyes,
Showed ever beyond clouds risen
So clear a paradise.

Earth's creeds may be seventy times even,
And blood have defiled each creed;
Of such be the kingdom of heaven,
It must be a heaven indeed.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

LETTER BOX

A few letters, you say. Well, that is better than last month, when the Box was empty. Guess the holidays were too much for the readers of THE CORNER.

Marian Clesen, 2215 Morse Avenue, Chicago, Ill., writes a good letter. She says she tried once before, and not seeing her letter in print, she re-read the rules to see if she had violated some of them. Discovering that she had, she tried again and was successful in writing very correctly. She is 14 years of age, and a high school student. She has an uncle, Father Sampon, who studied for the priesthood at St. Meinrad. He is located at Kennebec, So. Dak. Perhaps some of you know him. She says her mother has taken THE GRAIL for many years. All right! Mail her a button.

Here is a letter from Alice Dykowski, 8005 Coles Ave., Chicago, Ill. She says she failed to receive her Fidelity Button. Sorry about that Alice, but think you must have it by this time. If not, write again. Anyway, we'll send you another to make sure. Alice says she became acquainted with "a lovely pen chum" through THE CORNER. It surely is gratifying to know that so many of our readers are making acquaintances through our CORNER. Alice used the typewriter and her letter was entirely free from both grammatical and typographical errors. She is 16, and a high school junior. She wishes to hear from others.

Ah! This makes us smile. Listen! Mary Catherine Horne, age 8, 4332 North Keeler Avenue, Chicago, Ill., says that when she receives THE GRAIL she always turns to THE CHILDREN'S CORNER first! And Mary used a typewriter, too! Pretty good work, Mary.

Rosella Jakoby wishes to hear from other Cornerites. She is 18, and her address is 921 Charles St., Louisville, Ky.

Here is a new comer asking admission. Anita Galvin, member of the fifth grade in Holy Name School, in St. Louis, Mo., lives at 4314 N. Prairie Ave. She likes to read THE CORNER. Welcome, Anita! You shall receive a button before long.

"Mary Ann," who lives in Cleveland, Ohio, wrote a letter from Cheyenne, Wyoming. She is 18 years of age and attends St. Patrick's school. Her teacher is

Sister Eunice, whom she describes as being very nice "and not crabby." She wishes some one would write to her. Well, Mary Ann, my dear, if we only knew your last name or your street address, I am sure several might write. Enlighten us the next time.

Let us see what Helen O'Donnell has to say. She has gained several correspondents through THE CORNER, and wishes to have more. Her address is 2442 Surrey Court, Chicago, Ill. Write an interesting letter about some worthwhile topic and win a B-Z-B Button.

Another new member. Look here! Genevieve Baran, 12, has long been wishing to join us and receive a Fidelity Button. She attends St. Stanislaus school, and like other readers, wishes to hear from the readers of THE CORNER. Her address is 4919 Walsh Ave., East Chicago, Indiana. All right, Miss Genevieve, step right in! Now, you Boys and Girls, come in and shake hands with Genevieve, and tell her we are glad to welcome her.

Another new member. Looks like our CORNER is gaining in popularity, doesn't it. Elizabeth Bruen, 115 Tyler St., Trenton, N. J., 10 years old, in the fifth grade, wishes to become acquainted with other readers, too, so here is another chance for those of you who wish to add to your list of correspondents. She can no doubt tell you much of interest about her native state. Write again, Elizabeth. We shall be glad to hear about New Jersey.

A bigger and better CORNER! Everybody boost!

Exchange Smiles

Teacher—"How is the earth divided?"
Johnny—"One fourth land and three-fourths water, except the Missouri River, which is half and half."

Boy—"Pa, what is a Board of Education?"
Pa—"Well, when I was a boy it was a pine shingle."

Aunt Clarissa—"So this is the new baby, eh? I used to look just like her at that age. Now what's she crying about?"

Little Niece—"Oh, Aunt Clarissa, she heard what you said."

Teacher—"What was the greatest thing about George Washington?"

Johnny—"His memory. They erected a monument to it."

The schoolmaster was taking a class in science.
"Now, then, Smith," he said, "name me a poisonous substance."

Willie Smith, who was not gifted with an over-supply of intelligence, thought deeply.

"Aviation," he replied after a while.

The class tittered with amusement and the master looked sternly at the boy.

"Explain yourself, Smith," he answered.

"One drop will kill, sir," responded Willie.

Dr. Helen's Consulting Room

(Continued from page 527)

thing for the child, no matter what sickness it was coming down with, as well as isolating it from the others by putting it to bed."

Mr. R.—"Well, I suppose you would argue all day with me. I'll go now."

Liturgical Jottings

(Continued from page 486)

us during Lent are prayer, fasting, and almsgiving. They are the means by which we are to purify ourselves. Every one of them entails sacrifice in one form or another and it is by making sacrifices that we are to cleanse ourselves of the dross of earthly desires and our natural tendency to follow perverse inclinations. St. Caesarius of Arles says, "Those who cannot fast should give more abundantly to the poor, so that by almsgiving they may atone for such sins as they can not cure themselves of by fasting." This is good advice, particularly at the present time when we have so many poor people in our midst. Nevertheless, many are unable to fast and even less able to give alms. To them the invitation to pray more fervently during these days is extended. Surely no one can escape the observance of this third Lenten practice. Poverty of purse and weakness of body do not excuse from prayer; in fact, with these two deficiencies present, the urge to devout and fervent prayer is all the stronger.

PRAYER

We may all pray well enough in our homes, but the place preeminently fitted for prayer is the church—the House of God, the house of prayer. Let us particularize our good works by faithful attendance at daily Mass during Lent, because the Holy Mass is the highest type of prayer. The sacred liturgy attracts the faithful during these days of intensified prayer by displaying in the various ecclesiastical functions all the wealth of her rich ceremonial. Lent opens with the solemn rite of the Blessing of the Ashes and closes with the noblest example of ritual splendor—the last three days of Holy Week. The resolution not to miss any—not even one—of these sacred functions is one which cannot fail to draw down from God that gift of compunction of heart and compassion with the suffering Christ which is the desideratum of the forty days of Lent.

Abbey and Seminary

—With the worries of examination and the soothing balm of the retreat hovering over the recently troubled spirits, the second semester of the school year opened with renewed energy on February 9th.

—Father Peter Nolan, O. F. M., novice master at Teutopolis, Illinois, conducted the retreat in the Minor Seminary, while Father Leo Ohlmeyer, O. F. M., performed a like office in the Major Seminary. Father Joseph Meyer, O. F. M., was retreat master for the priests and the clerics of the Abbey. At the same time Father Mark Schludecker, O. F. M., gave a retreat to the students of Jasper Academy and then came over to St. Meinrad to conduct the spiritual exercises for the Brothers.

—On February 4th Father Abbot Ignatius was called to our Indian mission at Stephan, S. D., by the serious illness of Father Pius Boehm, who has been the greater

part of half a century among the Sioux Indians. Our readers will be glad to hear that the health of the veteran missionary has improved considerably. He is, however, still in a weakened condition.

—Rev. Edward Eisenman, pastor at Leopold in the neighboring county of Perry, went to Marty, South Dakota, in company with Father Abbot as traveling companion. This gave Father Ed an opportunity to pay a short visit to his mother, who lives at the mission, and to his brothers, Father Sylvester and Mr. Leonard Eisenman. Mrs. Eisenman returned with her son to the Indiana home to rest up a bit from the fatigues life on the missions.

—Father Stephen Thuis, who has been in poor health this school year, also accompanied Father Abbot to South Dakota to remain for a while with Father Sylvester at Marty in the hope that the bracing air of the western prairies may help to restore his physical forces.

—Father Robert Glasmeyer, who has been at West Point, Nebraska, for some years, spent a few months with Father Sylvester recently. In January he returned to West Point again.

—Springlike weather prevailed all winter. Early in February the walls of our new printing plant were completed and the roof was put on. Work is now going on within the building to get it in readiness for occupation. The printers are looking forward to the day when they may take possession of their new quarters.

—The grading of a new road is in progress from the present power plant south past the abattoir to "Porcopolis" and thence east to the other buildings of the Abbey Dell Farmstead. The horse barn, machine sheds, and other farm buildings will eventually form a group in the vicinity of the dairy barn.

—Brother Placidus, who for many years was in charge of the printing plant, but of late had been a helper in the kitchen, is now sacristan. Brother Anthony, a former sacristan, is his assistant. Brother Joachim, his immediate predecessor, has been transferred to the garden. Brother January, who long had charge of the poultry, was relieved some months ago. Brother Felix is his successor. The new poultry house is about ready for the little chicks that are expected.

—A telephone has been installed at the main entrance to the seminary, which faces the West. As that entrance has no porter as yet, a sign invites the visitor to step in and *dial* for information.

—Several years ago we thought it quite an event to hear over the radio within our walls the address of a President of the United States, but it was a much more notable event to hear recently the voice of the Holy Father, who stood before the microphone in Vatican City. Classes were suspended for an hour so that the student body might enjoy the extraordinary privilege of listening in to the first speech that His Holiness addressed by radio to the whole world. The messages of the various other speakers came in quite clearly from the Holy City, but when the Holy Father spoke in the language of the Church, it seemed as though some great disturbance of the elements tried to intercept his speech.

March

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March, 1931

THE GRAIL

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Did some station with the same wave length tune in for that purpose? Or was it the "noon-day devil" mentioned in Psalm 90?

—On Ash Wednesday, which fell on Feb. 18th, Abbot Coadjutor Ignatius blessed the ashes at the throne in the sanctuary according to custom and distributed them to the community and the student body. On this occasion also as usual the Lenten "Bona Opera," or list of good works drawn up by each for practice during the penitential season, was presented to the superior for his approval and blessing.

—Under direction of Father Victor the students of the Minor Seminary presented on Feb. 15th to a large and appreciative audience "Treasure Island," a play based on R. L. Stevenson's well-known tale of the same name.

—According to a letter from North Dakota, Father Ambrose, our senior missionary at Fort Totten near Devils Lake, met with an automobile accident that might have been very serious. The tire of one of the rear wheels blew out while the automobile was gliding along at fifty miles per hour. At once the car became unmanageable, went over an embankment sidewise, and plunged through a wire fence. Wonderful to say neither of the occupants received so much as a scratch. The car, however, escaped with a broken wheel and a bent axle shaft. In the ninetieth Psalm we read: "He hath given His angels charge over thee: to keep thee in all thy ways."

Book Notices

The 1931 Almanac Edition of the *Franciscan Magazine* is a paper-covered book of 320 pages replete with useful information—a compact encyclopedia and Catholic dictionary in one; it is a handy volume for the household, the pupil, the writer, the speaker. The directory of Catholic magazines and newspapers contained therein inadvertently omits the "Paradieses-Fruchte."—Address: Franciscan Magazine, Paterson, N. J. (Price, 60¢ postpaid.)

Historical Essays, Vol. II, No. 1 (St. Meinrad, Ind.), is an interesting number with its essays, chronicle, and other notes. "Gregorian Chant—A Barometer of Religious Fervor," by Rev. Stephen Thuis, O. S. B., takes up the major portion of the present number.

The Queen's Work Press (3115 S. Grand Blvd., St. Louis) is turning out a number of interesting, instructive, and timely pamphlets. The instruction imparted is usually made more attractive by telling it in narrative form. Among the pamphlets received are the following: *Speaking of Birth Control, Christ Lives on* (in the Eucharist), and *You Can't Live That Way*, 10¢ each; *Facing the Danger, Mass—Prayers and Hymns for Congregational Use, A Dream, Be of Good Heart* (A Eucharistic Reverie), *The White Plume of Aloysius, I Can Read Anything, Random Shots, Truth's the Thing, The Months with Mary*, at 5¢ each; *Vocation Day and the Growth of the Churches in the United States*, at \$1.00 for 50; *Chalk Talks, or Teaching Catechism Graphically*, and *Our High Mass*, a simple liturgical High Mass for congregations, etc., in modern notation, 20¢ each.

Gardens and Grottoes and other Whimsies, by Alexander J. Cody, S. J., (St. Ignatius College, San Fran-

cisco), is a booklet of essays that afford pleasant reading. Many beautiful things in nature are depicted in splendid style by the author.

A. B.

From Benziger Brothers we have received:

(1) *Another Visit to God's Wonderland—First Steps in Meditation for Children*, by Rev. J. E. Moffat, S. J., (net, 25¢), with twelve brief meditations on some aspect of the public life of Our Lord adapted to the child mind.

(2) *Living with the Church—A Handbook of Instruction in the Liturgy of the Church Year*, by Dom Otto Haering, O. S. B., translated from the German by Dom Rembert Bularzik, O. S. B., (price, \$1.36). This volume, which is intended as a textbook, explains the Sundays and the chief feasts of the ecclesiastical year; the Christmas Cycle, the Easter Cycle, the Season after Pentecost, Feasts of the Blessed Virgin and of Other Saints.

(3) *The Bascomb Boys on the Gridiron*, by Rev. H. J. Heagney, (net, \$1.25), is another story of the Bascomb Boys, brimful of interest both for young and old.

(4) *Brass Knuckles—the Story of a Young Gangster who "Turned to the Right,"* by Rev. Raymond J. O'Brien, (net, \$1.25.) Here is a story of a boy who was led astray but who was fortunately set aright by the acquaintance of good boys. It is a story full of exciting episodes—the right kind of literature for boys.

(5) *In Xavier Lands*, by Rev. Neil Boyton, S. J., (net, \$1.25), is an interesting and instructive book of short stories that have for their background India, where St. Francis Xavier worked and died.

(6) *Chérie at Sacred Heart*, by May Beatrix McLaughlin, (net, \$1.25), is the story of a little French girl in an American boarding school. The book will prove of special interest to girls, who will learn from its pages that the Catholic boarding school is not a prison, but a place full of joy and happiness as well as of great benefit to body and soul.

(7) *Sex Education and Training in Chastity*, by Rev. Felix M. Kirsch, O. M. Cap., (net, \$3.75; postage, 15¢). Many books have been written on this delicate subject. The present volume, which will be a great help for all who have the care of youth, endeavors to solve the question as to whether children should be instructed in this matter and by whom. The author, who stresses the law of God rather than the laws of hygiene and sanitation—the only phase of the subject considered by the pagans of our day, has treated the matter thoroughly and scientifically.

A. B.

The Missal for Sundays and Principal Feasts of the Year, with morning and evening prayers, Devotions for Confession and Communion, Way of the Cross, Sunday Vespers, Compline, Benediction, etc., is a neat and handy book, up-to-date, well gotten up, of convenient size, though the type is somewhat small. The new prefaces are given in the proper place, except that of the Sacred Heart, which is in the Mass of the feast. The prices range from 65¢ to \$2.50 according to the binding desired.—The C. Wildermann Co., 33 Barclay St., New York, N. Y.

A. B.

Little Nature Verses, by Fannie M. Le Pla (The Christopher Publishing House, 1140 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.; Cloth, \$1.50), is an attractive little book of some ninety pages, describing in verse the main characteristics of seventy-five subjects in Nature, all more or less familiar to the child. Regarded by an adult reader as "boup-a-doup," these simple verses will appeal to most children. While there is little literary merit in the work—it was not meant to be literary—its noble purpose, "to help children to become better acquainted with Nature," will, we hope, be realized.

J. P.

March

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Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

On the Crest of the Wave

CHAPTER VIII—POOR JOSIAH!

MADELINE continued with her work of cleaning the window, and did not take further notice of the two as they entered the house. But when the widow saw that she was paying no attention, she was piqued and walked over to the girl, arms akimbo.

"Well, aren't you going to congratulate us at all, my dear?" she asked, smiling over at Josiah, who suddenly found it necessary to clean out his pipe.

"Oh, why—" began Madeline, not certain what to say.

"Your uncle and I have been married this afternoon," she proudly announced. "We kept it secret to the last, didn't we, Josiah?" Madeline now came forward, very much astonished indeed.

"Well, I never would have thought—congratulations, my dear—ah, let me see—you are my aunt now, aren't you? What shall I call you—Aunt—" Madeline kissed the lady.

"Aunt Jerusha, my dear," smirked the widow, throwing her head back and wagging it. Madeline was speechless with surprise and a thousand surmises as to what her position in the house would be from now on. "We've brought along some provisions, and you and I are going to cook the wedding supper. What do you say?"

"Very well—Auntie." The name came strangely from her lips. Madeline congratulated her uncle likewise, but he was very shy, and went out at once to his haven of refuge—the woodshed, where he began at once to work where he had left off in the morning.

"Josiah!" called his wife after him, "you oughtn't to work to-day; why not take a holiday and rest?"

"Just you go right on ahead and cook. I'll be along when the supper's ready," he called back, taking up the hatchet.

"Did you ever see such a man?" asked Aunt Jerusha. "Going to work in the woodshed on his wedding day! Why he wouldn't even change his suit to get married in."

"I don't really believe he has anything better, Aunty; he has a collection of old coats and trousers hanging in the closet, and he keeps changing from one to the other, in order to wear them out evenly, he says. All of them are many years old."

"I'll soon change that; and this house. I'm not going to live in such a shabby place. He'll have to give me some money now to fix it up. You've done very nicely on what money you had, my dear, but some of the other rooms need papering; and the woodwork needs repainting and varnishing, and the carpets—they are awful! I'll make him get out that bankbook of his and do something with it."

"I don't think he has much money, though, Auntie. At least I've never seen him have any."

"Don't you believe it! Why most of the farmers hereabouts owe him money. Why I could tell you four or five of them on whose farms he holds mortgages."

"Is that so? Well, I don't pretend to know anything about his business. He has never told me anything about it."

"Well, I am going to know *all* about it, my dear. You don't catch me being one of these wives whose husbands do everything in the dark without telling them anything. No sir! By the way, has George been around lately?" she asked coquettishly.

"George? Oh, you mean George Briggs. Why no; I haven't seen him for three weeks—except, of course, at the store."

"Now, don't try to fool me; I know better. Why, he watches you down the street until he can't see you any more."

"Really?" Madeline did not believe it.

"Oh yes; and I'm not so sure but we'll be hearing wedding bells around here soon. You mean to have a nice church wedding, don't you?" Madeline was puzzled.

"Wedding! Why, Aunt Jerusha, I've only been out with the boy once."

"Oh, but many things may happen, my dear. Besides, I'm sure he likes you a great deal. In fact, he's told others so."

"Yes? But I'm not in a hurry to get married, and besides, it's rather soon to be talking of such things, isn't it?" The widow simpered.

"Oh, you must excuse me, my dear, but my great happiness has made me want to see others happy."

"I see; here are the potatoes; I've peeled them. How shall we cook them?"

"French fried, my dear."

"Shan't we make some mashed potatoes for Uncle? His teeth are bad and he cannot chew."

"No, just make them French fried; he is too cranky anyway. I don't believe in babying a man too much."

Madeline looked at her and wondered, marvelling how the woman was changing, now that she had the matter of her marriage clinched.

"He gets indigestion too," continued the girl. "It is no trouble at all to boil a few potatoes and mash them."

"My dear, he is *my* husband now, and he has been acting outlandish long enough. It will be my task to civilize him; do you know, he is half savage, just from living alone so many years."

"Yes, poor fellow, but—" Madeline felt like saying "poor uncle!"

"No but's, my dear. Just you make them as I tell you. Now, wouldn't that be a joke if the two of us were to quarrel about how to take care of your uncle! Ha, ha! That would be just too good!" In silence Madeline cut up the potatoes and placed them in a pan of deep melted lard. The widow deftly mixed up a batch of biscuit dough and began cutting it into rounds. "I was thinking," she suddenly said, as she placed the rounds of dough into a greased pan. "Wouldn't it be nice if you and George would get married soon, and you could live in my old house? It would be just the thing for a young couple. I would sell it to you cheap; you could pay it off so much a month, just like rent."

"Just what are you going to do with it, Aunty?"

"Why, haven't I just been telling you? I meant it in earnest."

"But, Aunty, the house will fall down before I ever marry. I think George likes Mary Morris too. I saw him standing at the corner talking to her."

"Didn't you know that Mary is setting her cap for him? Oh yes; everybody knows that. If I were she, I'd be ashamed." Madeline wondered just what the widow called the persistence with which she pursued Josiah. But she said nothing. The lady was full of contradictions, and Madeline smiled, just a little.

"I don't blame you for laughing at her; but if I were you, I'd be careful." The widow placed the biscuits in the oven, and began preparing a steak. Madeline shrugged her shoulders.

"Why should I be careful?"

"Because she might get him away from you. You can't tell what some of those designing females are up to." At which Madeline almost burst out laughing, but controlled herself with an effort.

"Aunty, if such tactics can win him, then she is welcome to him. If he wants me, he knows where to come."

"Well, you are the strangest girl. Don't you care about him at all?"

"Not so you could notice it; of course, he is a nice, pleasant boy and all that, but I haven't seen life yet. I might even decide to have a career before marrying."

"A career! Well, that is silly. A girl's place is in the home, not gallivantin' around, tryin' to do a man's work."

"Lots of girls are making a success in the business world," she defended, "and besides, I think I'm entirely too young to marry."

"Young! Why I was married at sixteen. Besides,

it's the safest thing for a girl alone in the world like you are."

"Alone! Why, I have Uncle, haven't I?" The widow gave a short laugh.

"Yes, but I have him now." Madeline looked at her keenly, and began dimly to discern her reason for speaking in favor of early marriage. Without a doubt the lady wanted the house for herself without the intrusion of a third party. Madeline wondered how long she would be permitted to stay. She had not the smallest notion of marrying anybody just yet, and the unfolding of a smouldering ambition was just beginning to make itself felt.

The widow tried to make the supper as festive as possible. She had even provided a cake covered with white icing, for which she had purchased eight white candy roses, which she placed on the cake herself, to give it a bridal air. She piled Josiah's plate high with everything on the table, and insisted that he eat all of it. She wasn't going to have any reflections on her cooking, she said. With a surprising obedience and meekness he tried, but succeeded in downing only a little of each viand. Too long had he been accustomed to frugality and abstemiousness to begin gourmandizing now.

After supper, when the dishes had been dried and put away, the widow insisted on lighting the hand-painted parlor lamp, and playing some twenty-year-old records on the antiquated "graphophone" with its small brass horn. There was an old music box too, long silent and unused, which was now called upon to add its silver chimes to the evening's enjoyment. It was ten o'clock before she considered it time to retire, and Josiah had long been yawning and trying hard to keep his eyes open. He usually retired at 8:30 or nine, except on the evenings when he found it necessary to descend to his cellar bank, in order to bring up the crock with the money.

Next day the widow said nothing, but carefully went from room to room, and sized up matters, making note in her mind of the various things that were to be done over in the house. Then she put on her hat and went downtown. Madeline remained at home and busied herself with her usual work, just as though the house had not acquired a new mistress. Josiah was busy as usual in barn, woodshed, and out-buildings, and had no smallest inkling of what was in store for him. Aunt Jerusha returned at noon, very well satisfied with herself, but not breathing a word of her plans. But in the afternoon a man with a truck drove up to the side entrance and took away the entire "parlor suite." Next morning a truck brought three paper hangers with their paraphernalia, and Josiah looked on in wonder.

"What's this?" he asked, calling his new wife aside.

"What is it?" she asked superciliously. "Only that I'm having the house furbished up so it will look a little less like a dump heap. That's all." Josiah grew so indignant that he trembled.

"Is that so? Well, I'm not paying for it, remember that."

"Oh no? Well, we'll see." And she went on calmly

mixing the dough for the bread. He went out, his face like a thundercloud, and did not speak or return until evening. She laughed in an aside to Madeline.

"I guess he's gone out to collect back interest from the farmers so he'll have enough to pay the bills with."

"Aunty, it will be a shock to him to have to pay a lot of bills."

"Well, he'll just have to get used to it, that's all. I'm not going to live in the place like he had it these twenty years or more. I've always been used to a neat, clean house, and I don't intend having any other kind now." That afternoon a couple of painters came with their cans and brushes and began at the woodwork. When Josiah came home, they were quitting for the day, and placing their cans and brushes and oil bottles out in the store room. He turned a shade paler, but said nothing until the men had gone. Then he went to the kitchen.

"Jerushy, I want to know what you're a-tryin' to do around here?" She straightened up and put her arms akimbo.

"Josiah Edgeworth, it's no use for you to bluster and take on; I want you to understand once and for all that I'm not a-goin' to live in no pig sty, and that is what your house was all these years. I'm your wife now, and in charge of things. I've run a house long enough to know what to do, and I ain't extravagant neither. When this is all fixed up, you just pay the bills and that will be all for a couple of years. So, you might as well get used to the idea. I aim to have this house as clean and neat as a pin, and it's goin' to stay that way if I have anything to do with it. You've lived like a savage so long, Josiah Edgeworth, that you don't know what a decent home is, but you're going to know now, and you might as well learn to like it." After which tirade, she took up a bowl and went down the cellar for some potatoes, leaving Josiah what in slang parlance might be aptly called "a complete washout." His face was ashen, and he opened his lips and moistened them a couple of times, uncertain what to do; then, with a hunted sort of look in his eyes, he went out to the only refuge he knew—the barn. Madeline felt so sorry for him, she felt like throwing her arms about him and comforting him, as she watched his poor, bent, thin frame go out the door. In a way Jerusha was right; Josiah had contented himself with but the barest necessities for so long that his life did indeed border upon the savage, and it would probably be the best thing that could happen to him to have her thus take him in hand. But Madeline well knew what a wrench such a change would be to him, especially the parting with his hard-earned and hoarded money.

But that was not all of the shocks Josiah was destined to suffer; in a day or two a truck stopped at the door with two carpets and three oil cloth rugs and a barrel which contained a complete 100-piece set of dishes. Josiah was not at home at the time, but Madeline viewed the deliveries with apprehension, wondering how it would all end. The new Mrs. Edgeworth herself was in a constant rush, flying here, there, everywhere, scrubbing up the floors of the rooms, so as to be

in readiness for the painters, who were to stain and varnish the borders after the window and door frames and baseboards were finished. She was anything but lazy, and could accomplish in a short time what it would ordinarily take three women to do. Madeline helped where she could, pleased in spite of herself to see the transformation in the house, for, young as she was, she had within herself the seeds of a perfect housewife.

Besides the things that had been delivered, Jerusha went downtown every day and made new purchases, charging everything up to Josiah, whose credit was surprisingly good about town, everybody having the idea that he had a hoard put away somewhere. Josiah now stayed away all day, no one knew where; when he did return home, he did not speak, and scarcely ate anything. Every time he met with some new object about the house, he said nothing, but his face seemed to turn a shade more ashen, and he looked more and more like a hunted creature.

At last the re-furbishing came to an end, and the house, bright and beautiful and shining, was an object of pride to both Madeline and Jerusha. Also, the bills began coming in; Jerusha waited until they had all arrived, then she handed them, after supper one evening, to Josiah. He went into an upper room and locked himself in, the better, doubtless, to study this onslaught on his cellar bank. The hour grew later and later, and at last Madeline and Josiah's wife retired; not until he was sure that they were both fast asleep, did he essay to leave the room and go downstairs. Then, laying the bills softly on the table, he lit the kerosene lamp, as was his custom, and put out the gas light. His face looked positively ghastly as he slowly and with difficulty negotiated the cellar steps, because of his rheumatism. But at last he reached the place where his hoard lay concealed, and a few minutes later he had carried the crock up to the kitchen table.

A new, crackly, folded paper lay on top of the money, as he removed the coverings. He took out the currency and laid hold of the first bill, reading the figure—\$108.75 for painting. He tried to remove the rusty pin which held the paper band around the currency, but his hands dropped, as though he were tired. He tried again—sighed deeply—and laid his head on his arms.

It was thus they found him in the morning—stone dead, clutching the roll of currency—dead of the shock of having to pay out some \$500 at one throw.

(To be continued)

Homemaking and the Homemaker

Now that the Pope's Encyclical has gone the rounds, and he has broadcast to the world just where the Catholic Church stands on the important subject of matrimony, a few words to the home maker might not be amiss. Our Holy Father has shown what a high place the mother holds in the universe, in that she walks hand in hand with the Creator; her position as maker of the home is no less important. Marriage means the establishment of a new home, and home

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brings with it a host of duties and responsibilities. Yet, if we think of it only in terms of dishwashing and dusting and scrubbing, our souls will soon become as drab and dismal as machines that go on clicking monotonously day in, day out.

Many of these duties, coming day after day, year after year, as they do, become burdensome, yet there they are waiting to be performed, and though machines have been invented to lighten the work, yet, no magic has yet been invented to take the drudgery out of some of it. But the proper way to look at it is, not to permit the mind to grovel along the floor with the dustpan, but to keep it fastened upon the vision ahead—the thought of what an indispensable pillar of society the home maker is—the thought of the souls who are depending upon her to make of their dwelling place a fit abode for immortal souls, who there must receive the training that no one else but mother can give. The sweeping and dusting and scrubbing are but incidental—but small, necessary details in the great scheme of raising up young souls to God, pruning and trimming and training them to grow up straight as arrows—making for them a home where they may develop in the way that God meant them to develop.

The God of Nature has fitted the mother for her task, and no earthly power can change it or substitute another in her place. Mother is the central pillar that upholds the institution called "home," and when mother fails, the home crashes down to the ground. Her husband and children both look to her to keep things going as they should be, for their very welfare depends upon her steadfastness, her loyalty. There is no substitute for love and self-sacrifice and devotedness; when these qualities become irksome and mother turns "modern" and shirks responsibilities, she becomes a failure, and home is only a home in name; the children run wild and get into "scrapes" and serious trouble, and oftentimes her own home is wrecked because she has decided it is degrading to "bear and forbear," to be the first to forgive, to labor with love and patience to win over her mate's thorny disposition.

What greater pride can a mother have than to keep her home a bright and shining place, where her most dearly loved ones may dwell and be happy and satisfied, to be always loving and sympathetic, to hold up her own frail shoulder in surprising strength, to support those of her immediate circle, who without her must falter and faint away!

How Silk was Discovered

One day in early spring, the story goes, in the year 1700 B. C., the 14-year-old girl-wife of the Emperor Hoang-To of China was walking in the palace garden with her ladies-in-waiting, when she noticed some caterpillars feeding upon mulberry leaves, of which there were a great many trees in the royal grounds. One day she noticed that as they moved their heads from side to side, a liquid, gummy substance seemed to issue from their mouths, and soon changed into soft, downy threads. Every day she watched the interesting insects, and by and by, when the cocoons were formed, she

took one up in her hand to examine it. It was about the size and shape of a peanut, and from it a number of soft, downy threads floated about. Pulling one of these, she found that it was so light, it floated in the air, yet so strong, she could pull a length of it.

After some study of the cocoon, she decided to soak it in warm water, in order to loosen the threads. This she did, and pulled on one end of the thread. To her girlish delight it grew longer and longer. She wound it on her fingers until the entire cocoon was unwound, and then she found she had a continuous thread nearly 2000 feet long. She now conceived the idea of using this lustrous thread for embroidery, so she taught the ladies of the palace how to soak and unwind the silken threads. Later, she experimented with weaving also, and produced such beautiful lustrous cloth, that the Emperor and the Mandarins soon preferred it for their robes. She became proficient in the art, and made fabrics so delicately fine that they were known as the "Woven Wind." Since that day she has been known as the "Goddess of the Silk Worm."

In time the silk and stuffs of China became articles of export to various portions of Asia. Long journeys were made by caravans to carry the silk to the Persians, who, without knowing how it was made, carried it to the Western nations. The Chinese were very jealous of the secret of its manufacture, and we all know how a missionary priest carried the first cocoons out of China hidden in a bamboo cane, thus bringing the secret to other nations.

Hints on Entertaining at Dinner

A dinner guest should arrive not more than five minutes before the hour, and never later than ten minutes after. If there is no maid, the host or hostess opens the door and greets the guests, and after all, this is the most hospitable mode. Usually the host moves about among his guests, but he keeps a vigilant eye upon his wife, who is at the door, in case she wishes him to come over to greet a guest. A hostess may wait fifteen minutes for a tardy guest, or more, if he is a guest of honor.

A considerate and gracious hostess will see to it that if some of her guests are strangers to each other, they will be presented to each other when pairing them off for dinner. If place cards are used, the guests file in and read the card to find their places. These cards should be of heavy white cardboard—unornamented, and written carefully in ink. The man seats the woman at his right, pulls her chair out, and looks after her comfort and pleasure. The lady usually sits down from the left side of her chair.

If candles are used to light the table, no other lights are used except softly-shaded wall lights. The candles should be tall enough to bring the flame above the eyes of the guests. The waitress should serve the hostess first, so that if there is an intricate silver service, the guests may follow her use of the different pieces without embarrassment.

If the host is carving, he should preferably sit, but if the fowl is large, he may be obliged to stand, in

which case he should apologize for doing so. Roast beef, however, is never carved at table; it is done in the kitchen, and the slices transferred from the roasting pan to the platter. Crown roasts of pork may be carved at table by slipping a sharp knife between the ribs. It is correct to carve enough meat to serve all before transferring the slices to each plate. If the carver asks the guest's preference in meat, it is all right for the guest to name it. If something is served that the guest does not like, he may leave it untouched on his plate. Bones and olive pits should be put on edge of plate.

Household Hints

Mend galoshes by pasting adhesive tape over the hole on the inside of the rubber.

Once a week clean the wall above and around registers and radiators with a rubber bath sponge, and it will never get black.

If each person using the bath tub washes the "ring" off as the water drains, (which is easy while it is still warm, it will save mother a lot of heavy work afterwards. The same is true of each person cleaning up towels and soiled clothing instead of leaving it to the most overworked person in the house.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 517)

in Devils Lake, N. Dak. There was no more room at Father Ambrose's school, so Father Sylvester came here to get us, and we were surely glad to come to such a nice warm school. Father brought a truck load of children from North Dakota. I had to leave two little brothers at home, but my sister and my four brothers came along. Well, this is about all now; will write some more next time.

Your little friend,
Gladys Nicholas.

SEVEN DOLORS MISSION

Father Ambrose writes: "An untold amount of good is being done among our children and the older Indians through the charity of our many friends. Great blessings will be showered down upon those assisting us in our work. Our little Indians realize how much they are indebted to their kind benefactors, and for this reason, they endeavor by earnest prayer and supplication to call down God's blessing upon them. Not a day passes but they pray several times for that intention."

We print another picture of the beautiful little play presented by the little Indian girls at Christmas time. The play was called "Her Little Way" and was a presentation of a series of tableaus depicting the life of the Little Flower, the patroness of their school. These little children played so well that they won applause from all, and in looking upon their innocent little faces, one can distinctly trace the effects of civilization upon their refined lineaments. One can hardly believe that they are Indians; yet, only a few generations back, their forbears were still savage.

The following is a letter from a Benefactor, which shows that even though folks are in trouble and in straitened circumstances, they manage to send something to help others in need.

Dear Rev. Father:—

I suppose you think that we have forgotten you, but I don't want you to think that, as we are always speaking of you and wondering how you are getting along. But I have been so sick and my two boys have been sick. My youngest has had a cold since before Thanksgiving, and the other, who is 15, has had a cold so long that he cannot get rid of. I cannot even walk around the house; I have a tumor and am supposed to go to the hospital, and my husband has a double rupture and he must go to the hospital too. So when you read this, you will know that I have enough to do me for awhile. I enclose \$3.00; that is all I can afford just now. I did not want you to think I had forgotten you, dear Father. Will close, hoping I can send more next time, as I do not expect to be always carrying such a heavy cross. Sincerely. Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Smith.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

Father Pius writes: "Times are hard, and but little money is coming in. Father Justin is hard at work trying to make ends meet. Crops were nearly a failure on account of the drouth, therefore, more food has to be bought. Besides that, the Indians have lost their crops as well, and so they come to us for food and clothing. We have to trust to Providence and to our good friends. We know they will not fail us. We can use all the clothing and shoes you can send. Our lighting plant has gone back on us; something has gone wrong in the engine room and we are all in the dark—everybody chasing around after candles and the old kerosene lamps. Last week our pump went out of commission, and we had a time getting water! I am not able to do much around the mission any more, but I am still boss in the post-office, where I have been postmaster for forty-four years. May God bless all our kind friends!"

TIN FOIL, ROSARIES, PRAYER BOOKS, MEDALS, ETC.

The following have sent in parcels this month: Miss Anna Dell, Columbus, Ind.; C. Singmaster, Cinti., O.; Mrs. J. Lunney, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Laura B. Schulz, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. T. Stallboris, Hanover, Kans.; E. O'Halloran, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Frank Fussner, Kirkwood, Mo.; Mrs. R. E. Perkins, Minneapolis, Minn.; A. J. Schiffer, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mrs. E. Farrell, St. Louis, Mo.; K. Crowe, Erie, Pa.; Mrs. A. McElwee, N. Y. C.; Marie Nann, Cinti., O.; Mrs. Trapp, Cinti., O.; E. Suterman, Cinti., O.; Claire Lawton, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. H. M. McKenna, Joplin, Mo.; A. Walsh, Atchison, Kans.; Mrs. Mary Ormond, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. F. J. Mohrman, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. A. Jacobs, Kansas City, Kans.; Mrs. M. Klamar, Mamtramck, Mich. May God bless all these good people! Send tin foil, rosaries, prayer books, medals, holy pictures, religious books, beads, discarded jewelry to Clare Hampton, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis.

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Dr. Helen's Consulting Room

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.



Mr. Rackham:—"I see by the papers that there is a lot of this infantile paralysis in this country and Europe. Willie was just reading about it out of the *Catholic Daily Tribune*. There is a regular plague of it. Why don't you doctors stop it? The people are just dying and dying and getting crippled and everything, and all ye do is go on talking about medical science and experiments and health conferences and laboratories. Little good I ever see comin' out of any of them. If I was a doctor I'd just go on doctorin' and doctorin' and I wouldn't be telling sick people what to do instead of tellin' them what to take."

Dr. H.:—"No, Mr. Rackham, I don't think that is the kind of a doctor you would be, for you have more sense under that old cap of yours than shows in the things you say. Your idea about going on 'doctorin'' is all right, if the practice of medicine was what you think it is, but it is not. I am quite sure that you think there is a medicine to cure every sickness, and that all the doctor has to do is order up the proper one. Just press the button and the medicine will do the rest. Well, we have no such way of dealing with illness. Most of our sickness comes from our own bad habits in eating and drinking. Do you expect that there is a medicine to cure you of a bad habit? In the few cases where we have medicines that will actually offset the disease, the patient still needs care to recover from the damage that the infection has already done. Now, if we spent all our time 'doctorin'', as you advise, the infectious diseases would get so far ahead of us that our work would be hopeless. Our only hope of keeping the infectious diseases under control is in the people, and that is the reason that the doctor spends so much time instructing them. They are his most promising aids and allies."

Mr. R.:—"Well, for me, I'd let him do it himself. That's what we pay him for."

Dr. H.:—"Oh, no, Mr. Rackham. You are not nearly such a hard man as you pretend to be. We remember the time when the Massey children were taken down with diphtheria. You were the man that had the school closed for the protection of other children, and it was you that brought the groceries to the Massey home, and left them on a bench outside the door. It was you that brought them the milk and would not let them return the bottles while the quarantine was on the house, for you knew how readily diphtheria germs are carried in milk. Now that was a bright thought about the milk bottles. Where did you get it?"

Mr. R.:—"I got it from a man that was lecturing on health. He told us a lot of nonsense, but I thought of some of the things he said about the diphtheria. It did not sound so much like nonsense when we had it right in the settlement."

Dr. H.:—"You were helping that time, not only the doctor but the whole community."

Mr. R.:—"Oh, helpin'. I was trying to keep the dis-

ease from spreadin', but why doesn't the doctor look after these things?"

Dr. H.:—"How can the doctor do it when he doesn't know about it? The Masseys knew the children had diphtheria for days, but they did not send for the doctor until one of them died."

Mr. R.:—"Well, the way you talk about doctors, you'd think there was no use in sending for them any way. They won't give you a cure. They won't nurse you, they won't do anything for you but give you a line of talk. What would we send for them for anyway, if they haven't got something to stop the disease? What do they do anyway?"

Dr. H.:—"It is very difficult to answer you, for the many things the doctor can do seem little to you, for you expect him to do something that he can not do. However, the little things all put together are what makes the difference often of life or death for the patient."

Mr. R.:—"Well, tell me some of the things he can do."

Dr. H.:—"He can tell the parents, who by this time are very anxious, what is the matter, whether the sickness is very alarming, what are the chances for recovery. He can advise the proper heat for the room, the proper diet and the proper medicine. He may install a nurse with minute directions for the care of the patient, if necessary. He will consider the rest of the family and the proper means to isolate the sick room that they may escape, if it is an infectious disease. This isolation must be carried out very minutely, if there is any likelihood of success."

Mr. R.:—"Well, that is not very much, and if that is all you expect from a man that is trained, why do you ask so much from the people? They know less even than the doctor."

Dr. H.:—"The people do certainly know less about the cure of the sick than the doctor, but in the case of infectious diseases, they have a great advantage over him. The mother knows when there is any change in the health of her child. The little hot hands, the flaming cheeks, the change in the disposition all show her that the balance of health is disturbed, and that is the time to give the child a chance to win out."

Mr. R.:—"Well, what can she do about it? She's no doctor."

Dr. H.:—"No, but if she is an intelligent mother, she can do what the best doctor in the world would advise her, if he saw the case. She can undress the child and put him to bed. Give a laxative, if necessary, and restrict the diet to very light food with plenty of water to drink."

Mr. R.:—"If the mother knows so well what to do, why does she send for a doctor at all?"

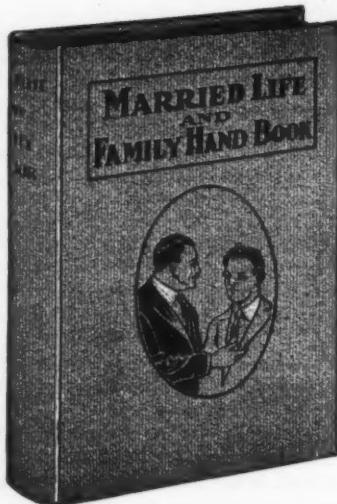
Dr. H.:—"Well, she will not if the child gets quickly well, but if it continue ill, she will then send for the doctor. In the meantime, she has done the best possible

(Continued on page 519)

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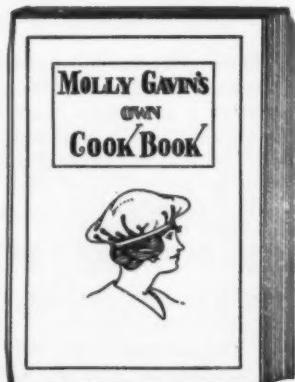
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